

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1852.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES ON MANNERS.

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BY REV. J. M^D. MATHEWS.
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I ADMIT that kindness and benevolence of heart are much more important than any mere outward expression of these feelings. But how shall we know that the kindness exists if there is no expression of it? You could scarcely feel that your parents loved you if their words and actions never expressed that love. It is true there may be many people in the world who express much kindness and affection when they feel none. But this is no reason why we should not cultivate good manners and use kind expressions in our social intercourse. Counterfeit money may be circulated, but we should not, therefore, refuse all money. There must be some good and genuine, or there would not be that which is spurious.

When you go into company, you pass the time much more agreeably when you meet with polite persons, who strive to make you happy, than when you are with such as are indifferent to your comfort or only intent on their own enjoyment. As the golden rule requires us to treat others as we desire to be treated, we should strive, when in company, and especially when we have company at our own house, to make every one as happy as possible.

It is, therefore, important to avoid all personal habits that are offensive or disagreeable to others. You would be disgusted to see a gentleman picking his teeth at the table, and at the same time you may have some habit that is equally disgusting to others. We very often desire to take the "mote" out of our neighbor's eye when, perhaps, a "beam" is in our own eye. A very good way to ascertain what would be an improper action in company is to notice what you consider improper in others. You will find most of those things pointed out by those who have written on the subject of manners. Miss Beecher in her "Domestic Economy," Mr. Newcomb in "How to be a Lady," and Mrs. Farrar in the "Young Ladies' Friend," have written some of the best things I have seen. Lord Chesterfield and Count D'Orsay have also given many good rules, but most of what they say is not applicable

to American society. Their works apply to an aristocratical community, from which all are excluded who have not the requisite polish of manners, or the requisite wealth, or blood, or standing in society. We should not despise those who have had fewer opportunities of refinement and improvement than ourselves; for many a noble and worthy heart is concealed under a rough exterior. We may some day be among those whose advantages have been far superior to our own, and then we shall wish some indulgence to be extended to our defects.

Human beings are very apt to be puffed up and spoiled by every little circumstance that seems to make them superior to others. The little girl who has been a few months at school is apt to look down upon her playmates who are not so learned as herself. If she can play a few tunes on the piano, she thinks herself much better than one who can not. If her father has a fine, costly carriage, she is altogether superior, in her own estimation, to those who ride in a plain, cheap one. Very amusing anecdotes are told about the girls at boarding-schools, who are eager to ascertain whether every boarder that comes is sufficiently genteel to be entitled to their friendship. The marks by which they judge are not the moral worth, or intelligence, or good sense of the stranger, but her equipage and dress—a very incorrect standard, indeed, by which to choose associates; for the most worthless girl in the world might be rich, and ride in a fine carriage, and wear a costly dress, but the most upright, and amiable, and estimable might be destitute of such things. While, therefore, you strive to be, in all respects, a lady, and to possess the utmost refinement of manners, do not despise those whose manners are defective. This would show that you lacked a kind and generous heart—a much greater defect than unpolished manners. Man looks at the outward appearance; God looks at the heart.

The writers on manners tell you rather what is inappropriate rather than what is appropriate; they point out rather what is to be avoided than what is to be done. We might illustrate by large quotations, but this would occupy too much space. We

shall, therefore, only give a few examples, and refer you to the books before named and similar works. They tell you that you should not whisper, or stare about, or yawn in company; that you should say nothing to wound the feelings of any one present, by unkind remarks about their friends, or the sect or party to which they belong; that you should never contradict any one flatly, nor be inattentive when any one speaks to you; that at table you should not help yourself till others are served, nor select the best articles of food, nor eat greedily, nor leave your plate full of fragments, nor do many other rude things "too tedious to mention." In connection with table manners I would add, that talking at table about what you like or dislike is impolite. Neither should you express any dissatisfaction with the food before you or the manner in which it is prepared. This would wound the feelings of the lady of the house, and be a transgression of the golden rule. I have heard an anecdote of a gentleman, who when he had good coffee usually took one cup for breakfast; but if he was from home, and got indifferent coffee, he always took two cups, lest the lady of the house might think he did not like it. Surely, he was a well-bred gentleman.

If you notice that any article on the table is scarce, as peas, for instance, may be when they first come, be helped very sparingly to that article, and never be helped more than twice to any thing, however abundant. If you have gormandizing propensities, it is certainly indiscreet to exhibit them.

It is impolite to laugh in company when a mistake is made or when an action is awkwardly performed. If any one attempting to sit down should miss the chair and fall to the floor, perhaps half the persons in the room would laugh, instead of offering to help them up and expressing sympathy with their misfortune. Some girls will laugh when a mistake is made in recitation or any action awkwardly performed. To laugh when anything obscene or immodest is said or occurs in company is not only impolite, but immodest. A young lady must have a very impure imagination when every little occurrence or improper expression suggests impure thoughts; and she must have very little sense of propriety when she betrays the vulgarity and impurity of her thoughts by laughing. I have often been made to blush by immodest girls putting a wrong construction on the most harmless things; or which, if improper, should, at any rate, have passed unnoticed. Not a muscle of the face or motion of the eye should betray that you have taken the slightest notice of any such thing.

To make remarks in a low tone about persons present is exceedingly improper. It is almost impossible to do such a thing without betraying it. The glancing of the eye and the expression of the countenance will show what you are at. It must be very embarrassing to be made the subject of such remarks. How would you like to be so treated by others? Young ladies do not always

seem to be aware how much may be expressed by the eye and countenance. Let any one in company mispronounce a word or make some other blunder; you cast your eye round, and see young ladies exchanging glances and smiles, and you at once understand the ridicule.

We have been speaking thus far of what is ill-bred or impolite; but you wish to hear something of good manners, and what you are to practice. It is difficult to give any such directions. Avoid what is wrong, and you will have made considerable progress in doing what is proper. If you will obey the Bible rule, and love your neighbor as yourself; if you have real kindness of heart toward all, and express that kindness in your actions, you will be polite. You will not wound the feelings of any; you will not laugh at or ridicule them; you will not do what is disgusting or offensive. It is impossible for you to become polite and refined in your manners merely by reading directions in books. You must go into company and act your part in society, to learn how to act appropriately. Endeavor always to be calm and unembarrassed; for if you are confused you will act awkwardly. Qualify yourself by reading and study to take your part in conversation, but make no efforts to display what you know. Be rather modest and reserved than bold and forward. Be yourself, and never try to act another or put on any airs of affectation. All affectation is unnatural, and is sure to be detected. The voice and manner of an affected girl betray effort and constraint. What she says does not appear to come from the heart. Let me entreat you again to be simply, honestly yourself, and avoid all affectation. It will only cause you to be pitied or despised. No one can love an affected girl.

To be able to converse appropriately in company you must practice conversation in your ordinary intercourse with each other. If you talk nothing to each other but idle nonsense, when you go into company, and endeavor to engage in graver conversation, you will feel awkward, and perhaps be disposed to laugh at your own effort. This, I suppose, is the reason why so many children laugh in your face when you attempt to converse with them. They are diverted at the thought that they should be expected to say any thing sensible.

When you attend Church or religious exercises of any kind, show your good-breeding by the most respectful attention to what is going on. It is impolite to be inattentive to any one addressing you any where; but it is sinful to whisper and laugh while the messenger of Christ is delivering to you the Gospel, or while your parents or teachers are offering up prayer or addressing you on religious subjects. Whenever the great Jehovah is worshiped, there should be profound and reverent attention. Any inattention or lightness on such an occasion is worse than ill-breeding—it is disrespect and contempt for the God who is worshiped.

Respect for the aged is an important part of good-breeding. The age must surely be degenerating

when the young treat the aged with disrespect or rudeness. Be polite to them when in their company, and speak of them respectfully when absent. How destitute of proper refinement must the little girl be, who says "Hopkins," or "old Hopkins," when she should say "Mr. Hopkins," or "old Mr. Hopkins!" Give all persons some title of respect when you speak of them; and if you speak of a minister of the Gospel, say the Rev. Mr. H., or whatever his name may be.

There is one point of good manners which few school-girls seem properly to understand. When they can sing or play on the piano, they almost invariably refuse if requested to do so. This is rude. However indifferent your music, you should comply at least once, to show your disposition to gratify the company; then if you are hoarse or otherwise unprepared to perform, you can beg to be excused. To refuse when you might sing or play is mere affectation. On the other hand, it is impolite to insist strongly on any one's singing or playing. If their sense of good-breeding will not induce them to do so when politely requested, the matter should not be pressed.

School-girls should be polite and lady-like in all their intercourse with each other. Some girls are noisy and rude in their laughing and talking, in their plays and amusements. Some, indeed, are so rough that it is exceedingly disagreeable to engage in any amusement with them. They push, and slap, and tear clothes with such unladylike rudeness that one would suppose they had been brought up with the roughest boys. Young ladies must certainly be cheerful, and play and laugh at proper times; but they may do all these like ladies, and not like hoidens. If you are rude and boisterous in your daily habits, you can not act the part of a well-bred lady in company. Such as you are in your every-day intercourse with each other, such will you be in company. If you say yes or no to each other at school, you will feel awkward when you say "Yes, miss," or "No, madam." If you can find no amusement but romping and rude plays, you will be embarrassed when you have to sit still and act like a rational being. Let me entreat you, therefore, always to remember that you are a lady, and try to act like one. All you may read in books will not make you a lady unless you practice what you read. Treat every schoolmate with respect and politeness, and they will treat you so. Never snatch a letter or composition out of another's hand, and run off to read it. Do not look over another's shoulder when writing, nor into her portfolio when absent, if she has accidentally left it open. Such things are indelicate as well as impolite, and should never be practiced by those claiming to be *ladies*.

But it would be impossible to tell you all about manners in one letter. It would require a volume instead of a letter. Read the works to which I have referred and similar ones. To be truly refined and polite is a matter of great importance. It will

add to your own happiness and to the happiness of all with whom you associate.

But remember that purity of heart is a matter of much greater importance. To have the approbation of our fellow-beings is desirable; to have the approbation of God is indispensable. Pray to him, therefore, to pardon your sins, and give you the wedding garment, that you may be prepared to enter into the marriage supper of the Lamb.

A WORD ON MORAL INSTRUCTION.

BY H. B. H.

SUPPOSE in a school two boys are reported as having been engaged in a quarrel. What shall the teacher do? Administer a sound flogging to each, and remand them to their seats, with a threat to double the dose in case the offense is repeated? This is the course most commonly pursued; the effect is just what might be anticipated. If you would teach bull-dogs to fight, bring them together, and rub their ears; if you would make a horse vicious, whip him gratuitously; if you would teach a cow to kick, give her lessons in kicking.

If you would secure gentleness, you must yourself be as gentle and harmless as a dove. I would not be misunderstood. I am not an advocate of the exclusive moral-suasion system. What is more severe than goodness? In the case I have supposed, the skillful disciplinarian may cause the offenders, without subjecting them to any bodily inconvenience, to wish the teacher would whip them, and let them go. "Then," say they, "the affair would be settled. We have offended the teacher, and he has taken his satisfaction: we are even. But this harrowing up the feelings, making the matter so public, I wish I had had nothing to do with it; it will be a long time before I am caught in another scrape of the like." Who can estimate the benefits of such a result? Who can fail to see that, enabling the boy to control his own passions confers a far higher obligation than any amount of mere intellectual culture?

So of all the crimes and misdemeanors which the daily history of the school-room exhibits. Let them be seized upon by the teacher, and turned to account in inculcating moral sentiments. Let the teacher go to the Bible for his code of laws. Let the great law of love, so sedulously inculcated and so beautifully exemplified in the life of Christ, be the law of the school-room. Let the teacher labor and pray that he may be instrumental in qualifying his pupils for the duties of manhood, and we shall have more *educators*, and fewer mere *trainers of the intellect*. Our schools will become what they ought to be—places where children and youth may, *must* learn the principles of "piety, justice, and a sacred regard to truth, love of country, and universal benevolence."

THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

BY CAROLINE M. SPRINGER.

How numerous and endearing are the associations clustering round that one little word—home! At its mention alone, what sweet and thrilling emotions animate the breast, awakening fond recollections of childhood's happy hours, and of youth's innocent sports! Memory lends her aid, and on the light wing of fancy we are swiftly conveyed to the bright scenes of home and of youth. Again, with our mirthful companions, do we traverse those green fields over which we were wont to roam, catching the pure breezes, as they danced along, laden with the sweets of many a flower, chasing the gay butterfly, as it flitted in the sun's warm rays, or strolling leisurely along the velvet margin of the clear stream which came bounding over the flowery mead, now murmuring in gentle ripples over its pebbly bed, and now leaping in foamy cascades over the rocky crag. O, those joyous hours, fraught with earth's fairest hopes, and with her sweetest dreams—hours of bliss unalloyed—hours to be enjoyed in memory, but never to be recalled!

Leaving the fairy season of innocence and glee, we glance over the period devoted to the culture of the mind in the pursuit of science—to the time, when, bidding adieu to our childish sports and little playmates, and receiving the parting embrace of the loved ones of home, we cast one farewell, lingering look at the place of our nativity, and were borne away to mingle in other scenes, to frequent new haunts, and to participate in larger and higher enjoyments. To our mind's eye still distinctly appears the old *seminary*, in whose venerated halls we have so often assembled with our schoolmates for the purpose of gathering lessons of wisdom and knowledge, from the counsels and instructions of those revered ones to whose charge we were then committed for mental training. Commanding an elevated position, near the brow of a lofty eminence, the situation of this structure overlooked a broad open expanse of the surrounding country. Its old gray walls and towering cupola might be seen peering far above the objects beneath it. Before it lay spread out a spacious lawn, bedecked with groves of trees, beneath the cooling shade of which we have so oft reposed, inhaling the perfumed zephyrs which gently fanned our brows, listening to the caroling of the feathered songsters as they soared aloft, pouring forth their melodious strains on our enraptured ear, or gazing with ecstasy on the scene of beauty and grandeur displayed abroad. Away in the dim distance, as far as the eye can reach, towers a succession of proud and rugged heights, skirting the horizon with their summits of blue, which mingle with the skies and form the boundary of this interesting landscape. Extensive plains, watered by crystal lakes, whose polished mirrors reflect the golden tints of the sun's departing rays, or glitter in the silvery light of the

moon's pale beams, lay stretched out in all their magnificence, enriched by grove and woodland, and interrupted alone by the alternate succession of forest, stream, hill, and dell, with here and there a farm-house or scattered portions of distant villages peeping out from among the trees in which they were embosomed, all conspiring to enliven the view, and to enhance its variety.

Days, months, and even years have elapsed since last we gazed on those cherished scenes, enshrined within the hallowed temple of memory—since we shed the last tear of sad regret on leaving that consecrated spot, and with mournful reluctance extended the parting hand, and pronounced the lonely farewell to those loved associates with whom, in choice intercourse, we had been accustomed to rove through our favorite haunts of science, culling the wild flowers of imagination, or gleaning the maturer productions of diligence and intellectual toil.

Since that period, so fraught with interest to our hearts, how many changes have we met—some pleasing and some sad! Not only have the valued associations of school been relinquished, but the tenderest cords of nature have been rent asunder by the ruthless hand of Death. The loved of earth have been torn from our side and consigned to the gloom of the grave. A mother dear, whose smile once lighted and whose voice once cheered our peaceful cottage-home, now slumbers in her lowly bed. A brother, too, fond and cherished, once the pride and delight of our happy number, now lies folded in the unyielding embrace of death. Their spirits no longer commune with earth, but, borne on the pinions of immortality, have been wafted away to the blissful realms of the celestial paradise, there to bathe and revel in joy unutterable, and to share the companionship of angels and seraphs, with whom they join in the harmonious notes of endless triumph, and range together the boundless fields of eternity.

Yea, in rapid succession have we resigned school associations to the past, loved ones to the tomb, and home, even home itself, with its barren rocks and winding streams, for the mild breezes and fertile plains of the "far distant west." But naught, however fair, can obliterate from the faithful tablet of recollection those treasured scenes that are left behind. Aided by the swift-winged messengers, Memory and Imagination, how oft shall we be transported to the green hills and shady glens of our own native home! Even now, while fanned by the gentle gales of this balmy region, our ear seems to catch the familiar sound of the wintery blast that used to sweep about our snug retreat when circled with the family group around the blazing hearth. While looking forth on the waving verdure, and entranced with the imposing grandeur of the wide-spread prairie, we almost unconsciously revert to the foaming surge and heaving tide of old ocean's restless bosom. We long again to be rocked on her billows, and view the beautiful green isles that bedeck her surface and ornament her shores.

Although cheered by the rich bounty, and charmed
with the luxuriant vegetation which this generous
soil affords, still, I sigh for the land, the dear land
of my birth, and sing

"Of my home, and the loved ones that mourn my long stay;
Of the grove where I've wandered, the hours of mirth
That I've passed in the land of my birth far away.

Though friends in a strange land I've met, that are dear,
Still I sigh in my exile, and long for the day,
When the voices of kindred shall again greet my ear,
That I've left in the land of my birth far away."

IN MEMORY OF EMMA ROSABELLE LARRABEE.

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO HER PARENTS.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON

PALE and silent lies your darling,
In her little snowy shroud,
And ye often weep beside her,
But ye never speak aloud;
For there is a holy quiet,
In the sunshine and the air,
And ye know the white-robed angels
Keep their sleepless vigils there.

Never more will dewy daisies
Feel the pressure of her tread;
Never more will her slight fingers
Cull the berries, ripe and red;
Never more will her sweet laughter,
And her artless lisping words,
Be mistaken for the warble
Of the joyous summer birds.

Spring-time flowers have bloomed and perished;
Summer moons have waxed and waned;
Autumn leaves have faded, fallen,
Mournful winter winds complained,
Since ye laid the gentle darling,
That affection could not save,
Very softly, very sadly,
In the shadow of the grave.

Still your home is very lonesome,
In the long bright autumn days,
When the sun sets, blushing crimson,
Through the Indian summer haze.
And when dismal rains are falling,
As the wintry nights come on,
O how fondly memory whispers,
Of the lovely cherub gone!

And ye often stop to listen
For her footstep on the floor,
And ye see her shadow passing
In the sunshine by the door.
And ye lead her through the meadow,
By the coppice and the stream;
O sweet phantasies—ye waken
But to find it all a dream.

Where the gentle starlight watches,
Through the balmy summer eves;
Where the violets, in their dreaming,
Listen to the whispering leaves,
In the dim, old, solemn forest,
Where the night-dews softly weep,
And the low-voiced winds keep sighing,
Ye have laid her down to sleep.

Yet, while other little children
Gathered pebbles by the rills,
Laughing, dancing in the sunshine,
And the shadow of the hills;
While they chased the fairy hum-bird,
Or admired a meteor star,
Little Emma has been singing,
Where the blessed angels are.

Would your longing love recall her,
To this world of care and strife?
From the golden streets of heaven,
To the paths of human life?
No, be thankful that our Father
Took her to the glorious goal,
Ere a grief had dimmed her spirit,
Ere a sin had stained her soul.

LOVEST THOU ME?

BY LILLIAN.

LOVEST thou me? What searching words!
From whose lips do they fall?
Does mortal question mortal love?
No; 'tis the Lord of all,
Who asks if he still has a part
Within his weak disciple's heart.

Lovest thou me? What deep unrest
Filled faithless Peter's mind!
Rebuke seemed borne upon those words,
So gentle and so kind;
For O, he knew he had denied
His Master, when his faith was tried.

Lovest thou me? My Lord, I do,
His faltering lips reply;
And he was ready from that hour,
For him he loved to die;
Faithful through trials fierce he passed,
And gained the martyr's crown at last.

Lovest thou me? To every one
Who wears the Savior's name
These words now come; dwells in your heart
Love's pure and deathless flame?
Or hast thou basely him denied,
Who for thy sins was crucified?

Lovest thou me? Let falling tears
Thy deep contrition prove,
If thou hast wandered, and renew
Thy solemn pledge of love;
And thou shalt find forgiveness free;
Find that thy God still loveth thee.

COLOGNE AND ITS CATHEDRAL.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE RHINE.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

To hundreds of thousands of the fair sex the name of Cologne, if not a "household word," is at least one of pleasing import and exquisite odor. Few of the fascinating members of the fairer portion of creation pass through the varied life of this sublimity sphere without worshipping at the shrine of "*Eau de Cologne*." As were the *Penates* to those of old, so are the flasks, bottles, and vases, of a thousand variegated shapes and hues, to the *belles* of the present day.

Ladies, listen, therefore, to our story of this famous city! It lies on the borders of the lovely Rhine, and we approach it through the lowlands of Holland. From the deck of the steamer that conveys us up the stream we perceive the immense Cathedral, towering up to the clouds like a city in the air, long before we perceive the houses or city proper. At last the latter loom up in the distance, and a compact mass of houses gives notice that Cologne is before us. The noise and confusion of selecting baggage and approaching the wharf have scarcely ceased, when the "*valets-de-place*" begin to crowd around the passengers, and offer their services in finding the true and original manufacturer of *Eau de Cologne*, as if no one ever thought of going to Cologne for any other purpose than to buy Cologne water. These *valets-de-place* are a race peculiar to European cities. They live on the travelers that are on sight-seeing expeditions, and are ready to take you any where, or show you any thing you wish to see, or tell you any thing you wish to know, provided, of course, they are well paid for their services. In Cologne the manufacturers of *Eau de Cologne* bribe or hire these valets to bring all who are in search of the original and genuine article to them. The result is, that one is pounced upon, on landing, by a dozen valets, all anxious to take you to his man, that he may get the per centage on the purchase you make. As they are rivals, they are not very friendly with each other, and, in their eagerness to increase their business, do not always observe the rules of conduct laid down by Chesterfield in their intercourse with each other.

The first manufacturer of *Eau de Cologne* bore the cognomen of Jean Marie Farina. He was the *veritable Jean Marie*, as the valets express it, and his business was extensive and lucrative. At the present day, however, there are not less than eight or ten firms in Cologne that bear the title of Jean Marie Farina, so that the stranger is sorely puzzled to know who is now the *veritable Jean Marie*. If we believe the valets, they always know, and are extremely anxious that a stranger should not come all the way to Cologne to obtain a pure article, from the original manufacturer, and then be basely

deceived. They, therefore, commence their efforts the moment one lands on their shores, and are about as great a nuisance as the hackmen who crowd about the landings of American cities. The only difference is, that instead of "Have a hack, sir?" "Have a hack, sir?" from a hundred mouths, while their whips are stuck into your face and eyes, one hears among the confusion of tongues a dozen shouts of "Jean Marie Farina!" "the veritable Jean Marie Farina!"

The reader may well inquire where all these numerous Jean Marie Farinas come from; and their history is a strange one, and shows the all-powerful influence of gain in developing expedients. A few of them are members of the same family, who have been named in this way on account of the good luck of the original. These have been sought after by speculators, and taken into business, with a share of profits, for the privilege of using their name as that of the firm. In some other cases speculators have taken foundling or orphan children, and had them named and baptized Jean Marie Farina, for the sake of using their cognomen as the title of the business house, with the pretense that they have an interest in it, although some of them are mere children. And thus comes this numerous family, all bearing the same name, and all claiming to be the veritable Jean Marie Farina. It is an undisputed point that cause and effect go together, and it is true of Cologne. A half an hour spent in this old city explains why Cologne water was necessary there—it is a crooked, narrow, and very dirty place, and the streets are so much in the habit of emitting an unbearable stench, that it was a dire necessity to have some pleasant odors to overcome it. And thus *Eau de Cologne* was called into existence, and has become an important article of trade with foreign countries. A great amount is sold to travelers on the Rhine, as few are willing to leave the old city without a memento of its fame.

The immediate environs of Cologne are flat and uninviting; but beyond it rise the mountain lands that entice the traveler onward; and in the blue mist of the distance may be seen the well-known "*Seven Mountains*," which are the portals of the beauties of the Rhine. But what Cologne loses in romance of landscape it gains in its monasteries, churches, and chapels, and, above all, in its immense Cathedral, with its numberless spires, turrets, gables, and projecting roofs, an imposing mass that can be seen for miles and miles from the city, and becomes more and more attractive and wonderful as we approach. There was a time when Cologne counted as many steeples, churches, and convents as the year counts days, but now more than half have disappeared in the vortex of modern civilization and the tendency to spread over large extent of country, instead of crowding all wealth and influence into one single city. It retains, however, many of the characteristics of its palmiest days, as one soon perceives in wandering

through its narrow winding streets, and gazing at the architecture of all periods and all tastes, huddled together in the most singular confusion—the old indented gables; the stories advancing one over the other; the corner projections like little castles, attached to the main house; the fancy turrets of the old castles; the churches in the Carolingian, Byzantine, and Gothic styles; and even the relics of the Roman rulers, for Cologne was once the most powerful Roman colony on the Rhine—"Cologne Agrippina"—and thence its present name, Cologne.

Two thousand years have drawn together in Cologne inexhaustible treasures of history, legend, and art; and they do not hover in the air, and lose themselves in the mist of time; they have become stone, and speak in unmistakable tones of their origin and antiquity. Of all the venerable monuments, however, that adorn Cologne, that adorn the entire Father-land in its length and breadth, none equals the great Cathedral. It is looked upon as the pride of the nation; and the latter has built it by contributions collected in all parts of the country. It was commenced in the year 1248—more than six hundred years ago—and is not yet finished! Indeed, the towers do not yet rise above the body of the building, although they are to rise to the enormous height of five hundred feet. In August, of the year 1848, was celebrated the *sixth centennial anniversary* of the building of the Cathedral. It was determined to make this celebration worthy of the immortal work, and, if possible, to decide on measures that would at last lead to its long-delayed completion. Delegates from all parts of Germany were invited to be present, that the feeling might be spread far and near; and for several months before the celebration all was bustle and preparation about the Cathedral and in Cologne. It was even expected that Pope Pius would be present, and announcement was made to that effect; the German Parliament was then in session at Frankfort on the Maine, and the members of that body, together with the newly elected Regent—Archduke John—resolved to be there; and even Frederick William, King of Prussia, sent word that he was coming, too.

We considered such a host of attractions irresistible, and therefore determined to wend our way thither also; and knowing that the passage of the members of the Parliament down the Rhine, from Frankfort to Cologne, would give rise to great demonstrations along the banks of that classic stream, we deemed it advisable to choose the same day, and keep as near the grand cortege as possible. Having got the start as far as Coblenz and the Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, we took passage in a steamer some twenty miles ahead of the notabilities, as a sort of advance guard. The captain of said steamer thought he had a perfect right to be as gay and merry as any body on this joyful occasion, and therefore decked his craft, fore and aft, with a profusion of flags and streamers, not forget-

ting to have a plentiful supply of the German republican or revolutionary colors—that flag being a tri-color of black, red, gold—for just at this period all Germany was intoxicated with the prospect of political regeneration, and the Parliament itself had been elected by universal suffrage. "Alas! poor Yorick!"

Our steamer was the first that hove in sight to the towns of the lower Rhine on that eventful day, and, as it threw so many colors to the breeze, the inhabitants of the various towns, gathered by thousands, with regimentals, muskets, and cannons, on the banks, concluded that we bore the Regent and Parliament that they had collected to honor; therefore, as we approached each stopping-place, hats flew in the air, colors waved, muskets cracked, and cannons roared—we were received with regal honors by a grateful people. But when they rushed on board, and eagerly inquired for the Archduke and the members of Parliament—"O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!"—in the stock of enthusiasm. They had asked for bread, and we had given them stones; they had asked for grapes, and we had given them thorns. Vainglorious, indeed, was our retreat; but it was a merry one to us notwithstanding, for the decks resounded with peals of laughter, till the roaring of cannon announced our approach to another town, and a repetition of the same undeserved ovations. But a few years have intervened between then and now, and we opine that, were we to ask the dwellers on the Rhine to-day, who deserved the most honors, those on the first boat or those on the second, the answer would be, "*The first*;" for sadly have the confiding Germans been deceived in the hopes which they had built on the Parliament of 1848.

Enough said on this point. We arrived safely in the native city of Cologne water, and found it full to overflowing. The dogs had kennels, but we could literally not find a place to lay our heads; even omnibuses were engaged by families or parties to sleep in, and every lamp-post seemed in requisition to lean against. But the next day was to be the grand celebration, and many walked the streets all night rather than go away. We found a room at the *modest* price of eight dollars for the night, for ourself and companion, and as modestly concluded not to occupy it. About midnight fortune favored us at a less expensive rate, and we dozed away a few hours, till the din of the morning preparations announced the commencement of the day.

In the mean while the Archduke and Parliament had arrived, and been escorted to their quarters; and now comes the King of Prussia. Cologne is in his dominions, and he is, therefore, received with all the pomp and magnificence that the city can command; the Archduke and Parliament advance to meet him, the King embraces the Archduke, and the scene is very affecting—to those who read about it—for to those who saw it in a dense crowd, suffocated, squeezed, jammed, and crushed

unmercifully, it was a mixture of the vexatious and ridiculous.

* The poor Pope was so busy at home about this time, in keeping things quiet at Rome, and preserving the Vatican and St. Peters from the hands of the republicans, that he sent his regrets instead of honoring the festival with his august presence. But the day broke notwithstanding, and the ceremonies began. They were, of course, all of a religious nature. There were more bishops present in the procession than had ever before been seen in Cologne; they were in their costliest robes, and protected by canopies borne over them; following them were priests of every rank and age, high and low, old and young; then came choristers who chanted, and boys that rang bells, and others that cast the smoke of the incense-chalice on their way; and then came every thing else, beautiful, and strange, and costly, and wonderful, that Cologne has to present—and the name of these things is legion, for the old city overflows with relics of history and religion, and on such occasions the people delight in displaying them.

In the Cathedral itself, at which the procession at last arrives but can not enter, the dignitaries excepted, was performed a grand mass. After which the King did something, and the Archduke did something, and the bishops did something—all of which we were so fortunate as not to be allowed to see, having been so lucky as not to procure a ticket of admission, and thereby avoiding the possibility of being squeezed to death inside for the more airy and pleasant process of being nearly squeezed to death outside. Long live Cologne, and long live its noble Cathedral; but when it has another *centennial* anniversary, may we not be there to see!

But the grand object of the festival was accomplished, and a new impetus was given to its progress by the enthusiasm there fanned into a flame. The King of Prussia gave a large sum to be expended in the work, and promised a large yearly contribution; the Archduke and other dignitaries acted nobly; the King of Bavaria sent a precious window of stained glass, valued at twenty thousand dollars—a magnificent specimen of the present state of the art of staining glass; and the Pope sent—his blessing. The people formed associations, with branches all over Germany, for collecting money for the "*Cathedral Building-Fund*;" and these associations have reaped rich harvests, and the busy hands of the artisans have again been diligent and skillful for years. There are hopes that this magnificent monument of Gothic architecture will now be finished according to the original plan, but we believe these hopes to be fallacious—the work would be incomprehensibly great, and the expense enormous; added to this, the age has gone by when the people can be induced to spend millions on a mere monument, however grand and imposing it may be.

The story of this wonderful Cathedral is so

peculiarly one of olden time that we feel like starting where it started. Cologne has, since time immemorial, been the stronghold of the clergy of the Catholic Church, and at one period the archbishops waged a terrible war against the city for its possession. It is natural that they should here desire to erect an edifice that would be an indication of their power. It was determined to surpass the world, if an architect could be found. At last one Albertus Magnus presented a plan so gigantic and surpassingly beautiful, that the people declared it had not been made by human hands, as it showed superhuman skill. As the legend relates, it was discovered that Magnus had bartered his soul to Satan for the plan. The work commenced, and thousands labored on it daily; but Magnus died, and Satan did not get his soul. Enraged at this disappointment, the evil spirit declared that the work should never be finished, and for six hundred years the declaration has proved true. It will probably prove true for six hundred years longer. The plan was lost, and the people declared that Satan had stolen it. It was found again, and the work went on for awhile, and was then struck by the lightning. Satan had again been busy. Determined to frustrate the intentions of the archenemy, a new architect was engaged. He was nearly as great a genius as the original, and the work went bravely on. But the devil laid a wager with him that a canal would be built from Treves to Cologne before the Cathedral would be finished; and the token would be, that a duck would swim down the canal to the Cathedral to remind him of the wager. Strange to say, the remains of a Roman aqueduct have been found extending from Treves to Cologne, and this fact is no doubt woven into the popular legend; for it is related that a duck did actually swim down to Cologne, and appear before the Cathedral; and this took place at the period when the tower had reached the present height, and was surmounted by an enormous crane for the purpose of hoisting up the large blocks of stone for the work. The moment the architect saw the terrible duck he knew that he had lost the wager, and precipitated himself from the top of the tower in despair, followed by his faithful dog. As this architect left it, so it remained for a very long period; and the old crane is still standing on the tower, as an emblem that the edifice is unfinished.

Cologne, more than any other city of Catholic Germany, retains its peculiarly Catholic characteristics, though surrounded by Protestant influence. A festival that one must see in Rome or in Cologne is the *Carnival*—for Cologne is the German Rome. *Colonia Agrippina* is a daughter of the "Eternal City," founded, it is true, when the Romans worshipped heathen gods, but changing its religion with the mother city, and adopting and retaining the customs, festivals, and celebrations of Rome, even to the present day. Indeed, it is a contested point in which of these two cities the festival of

the Carnival had its origin; many contend that Cologne was the originator of the custom. Be this as it may, there is no doubt of its origin in a heathen festival, either Roman or German. During the Carnival Cologne is a city of pleasures and amusements of all kinds. Indeed, Carnival or no Carnival, wit and humor is sparkling and foaming in the old city. It has nearly as many fairs as there are months in the year; and although these begin in business, they always end in pleasure.

My readers are all aware that the Carnival is a certain season before Lent, and that during the latter no meat is eaten by Catholics who conform strictly to their faith. During Lent they ought to fast and put on sackcloth and ashes, and therefore the season prior to this they make one of feasting and rejoicing. The literal meaning of the word is very significant—it is “flesh, farewell”—“*carne, vale*”—taking various forms in various languages, and assuming that of “Carnival” in the English. This farewell to flesh is made a jolly time, indeed; it is a sort of “eat, drink, and be merry to-day, for to-morrow ye die.” It is a changeable festival, like Easter, and generally commences a little after New-Year and lasts till the latter part of February. The Carnival pre-eminently so called is the grand celebration of the closing days of the season. On the last day there is a grand procession made up of all the nonsense and buffoonery that the crazy heads of the people can concoct and create. To describe this justly would be impossible. Suffice it to say, that every one in the procession tries to make himself as great a fool as possible, and that the whole is composed of an army of clowns. These are attired in the most outlandish costumes imaginable, and no two alike. In one of the Carnival processions we saw a sort of menagerie of strange beasts; they were bipeds, it is true, with the lower extremities of human beings, but said extremities were the only regions in which they resembled humanity. On the shoulders of some were placed, with great propriety, asses’ heads; others, following a different bent of genius, had adorned themselves with calves’ heads; and so it ran on through the range of beasts and fowls—horses, cows, pigs, sheep, dogs, geese, ducks, chickens, etc. These kept up for the amusement of the lookers-on such a braying, bawling, bellowing, neighing, squeaking, grunting, baaing, barking, hissing, quacking, clucking, crowing, that we congratulated ourselves on having seen for the first time a Bedlam of beasts.

The ruling passion of the Carnival procession is to ridicule; for this reason every popular folly or “ism,” or even laudable reform, receives due attention. We perceive by the accounts of the last Carnival that Louis Napoleon came in for a just share of ridicule. Nature has favored him with an enormous nose—this his friends acknowledge—said nose his enemies magnify into a sort of proboscis, and, with the latter appendage to his countenance, a caricature of Louis Napoleon appeared

in the Carnival. Said proboscis seemed during the festivities to be alarmingly busy in smelling out conspiracies, and wherever there was a little group of talkers, especially if they were well provided with whiskers and mustache, the proboscis was sure to intrude its inquisitive extremity. Its owner seemed to play his part so well as to excite universal attention and admiration, and even the public journals gave him their meed of praise. The genuine proboscis, true to its satire, soon smelled out this conspiracy, and sillily informed the authorities of Cologne that if they permitted another demonstration of like nature, he would call them and the authors of it to account. We can thus easily imagine the thousand and one follies of the day that would be held up to public ridicule, if we had the Carnival procession on this side of the water; and these creations of the imagination will be the most vivid picture of the proceedings, strange, queer, and comical, as they are served up in Cologne. The day having been thus passed, the night begins; and such a night! the whole city is in a blaze of light, and go where you will it is nothing but music and dancing—all the characters of the procession being distributed about among the various social entertainments, or else in the street cutting up all sorts of innocent pranks, for a strong police force would instantly crush any effort to commit improprieties. The night having been thus passed, another day begins—and this day is Ash-Wednesday. The multitudes hasten to the churches, and the priests strew ashes on their foreheads, as a symbol of their repentance of the excesses of the Carnival, and their determination to behave better during Lent—a fit satire to close a season of folly!

As Cologne cherishes an unflinching fidelity to the faith of its fathers, so does it retain with an unrelenting tenacity many of the customs of former days; and these, therefore, attain not only a venerable age, but also one incredibly great. Many of the heathen customs that the Christianity of that day found no occasion to root out survived the middle ages, and approached the threshold of modern times; some still live a precarious life; others have become rejuvenated by taking a new and modern form. The festival of Midsummer was formerly celebrated by the women of Cologne by what was called a washing in the Rhine. This has now disappeared, but Petrarch, who was an astonished witness of this strange ceremony, relates it as a part of his experience while on a visit to Cologne. The sweet singer of *Laura*’s charms declares that the entire shore was covered with whole troops of women, beautiful and lovely in countenance, and modest in attire and behavior. He declares that if *Laura* had not enchained his heart, he would have lost it there, in that crowd pulsating with vivacity and joy. A part of them were entwined with garlands of fragrant flowers, and stood in the flowing stream washing their white arms and hands in the passing current,

while all were talking and amusing themselves in a language which was unintelligible to Petrarch.

His curiosity was piqued to know the origin and signification of this strange custom; and, on inquiry, he was told that it was a time-honored custom of the women of Cologne, who believed that all the evils of the coming year could be washed away on this day by the waters of the Rhine, leaving nothing but joy and good fortune. It was, therefore, a sort of yearly ablution in advance of the ills that flesh is heir to. "How I envy you," exclaimed Petrarch, "you happy frequenters of the Rhine, that the river sweeps away your woes and your complaints! neither the Po nor the Tiber treats us with this maternal care."

Another festival of very early origin was that of St. Martin. In other parts of Germany celebrated with a roast goose, but along the Rhine, from Coblenze to Belgium, it was celebrated with fire, and might with propriety have been called the "Festival of Fire." The children first gathered wood from house to house, and then built up fires on all the hills and mountains; while collecting the wood they sang certain songs in commemoration of the festival, and the shores of the Rhine and the numberless peaks of the "Seven Mountains" presented a magnificent sight when illuminated as far as the eye could reach. Similar songs are still sung in all parts of Germany on St. Martin's day; and although the wood is no longer demanded, we can easily suppose that they formerly had the same object.

In Cologne this custom seems to have made place to another equally curious, which is called the "Judas song" and "Judas fire." In the week after Good Friday the children go round from house to house singing the Judas song, and collecting wood for burning Judas. This is piled up on a public spot, which bears the name of the "Judas Place," from this custom. A figure in effigy is placed upon the pile, and the latter is set on fire; while burning the spectators sing the Judas song.

As remarked in the beginning of this article, one can hardly plant his foot on the streets of Cologne before a crowd of valets importune him to go everywhere and see every thing wonderful, much of which the stranger never heard of before. Some of these, on seeing a stranger near a public building—the Cathedral, for example—begin to converse as gentlemen desiring to be friendly and polite; having imparted all the information they have at command, they modestly and much to the surprise of the traveler demand a fee; if this is refused, they bluster and rave about services accepted and not remunerated, till it is necessary to give them a trifle to buy them off. Among their favorite objects to show are the bones of the three wise men of the East, that are preserved in the Cathedral, and richly adorned with precious stones; and then come the bones of the "Eleven Thousand Virgins."

As the story is told, in the sixth century a daughter of the princely house of Britain was

betrothed to a young prince who resided near the mouth of the Rhine. At the dying bed of his father this prince was forced to promise to marry his step-mother and father's wife. The rejected bride, determined on revenge, fitted out a fleet of four hundred ships, appeared with them at the mouth of the Rhine, conquered her unfaithful lover, and—married him. Her crew and fighting men were composed entirely of virgins like herself, and, having seen their intrepid leader safely moored in the harbor of matrimony, they turned their victorious prow toward home. But they were doomed to perish while battling with the elements. A great storm arose, in which all were lost; and their bodies were brought to Cologne for interment, where the remains of the "eleven thousand virgins" are still shown by the valets.

A modern investigator, however, seems strongly inclined to try his steel with this legend, and denies *in toto* the veracity of its foundation. He declares that the skeletons found in these sarcophagi are, in the first place, in the vicinity of an old Roman place of interment; and, secondly, the strong skulls and frames would indicate Roman warriors much rather than British virgins. Again, he traces another story which began with eleven, then increased to eleven hundred, and finally to eleven thousand maidens. Unfortunately for the romantic, these legends are too often poetry, and need no other than poetic truth.

MOMENTS OF MELODY.

THE following from the pen of William Hazlitt, an English writer of some note, furnish a paragraph of fine writing, and a just characteristic of his style of composition. The death of Mr. Hazlitt took place in the city of London, September 18, 1830. Long will his name stand high among the first literary men of modern times, as one who infused into the most graceful sentences the most delightful and philosophic thoughts:

"I remember once strolling along the margin of a stream, in one of those low, sheltered valleys on Salisbury Plain, where the monks of former ages had planted chapels and built hermits' cells. There was a little parish church near, but tall elms and quivering alders hid it from the sight, when, all on a sudden, I was startled by the sound of the full organ pealing on the ear, accompanied by rustic voices, and the willing choir of village maids and children. It rose, indeed, 'like an exhalation of rich distilled perfumes.' The dew from a thousand pastures was gathered in its softness: the silence of a thousand years spoke in it. It came upon the heart like the calm beauty of death; fancy caught the sound, and faith mounted on it to the skies. It filled the valley like a mist, and still poured out its endless chant, and still it swells upon the ear, and wraps me in a golden trance, drowning the noisy tumult of the world."

SUPPORTING THE CONSTITUTION.

BY EDWARD THOMSON, D. D.

THE day after Governor Boutwell had vetoed the Massachusetts Liquor law, as I was crossing in the ferry-boat from East Boston to the city, I noticed an old inebriate in fierce discussion with a gentleman at my side. His face was bloated and pock-marked, his hands were tremulous, and his knees unsteady; his eye, his attitudes, and his tones all indicative of intense anger. He was not intoxicated, for it was but nine o'clock. His coat was thin and tattered; his vest much the worse of the wear. From one pocket of it protruded a dirty, well-worn spectacle-case, and from the other a large piece of cavendish tobacco. His pantaloons, well drawn up and well saved, had a patch on the left knee and needed a patch on the right. He had an old cloth shoe on one foot and a leather one on the other. He was brandishing, in his right hand, a black crooked walking-stick, and, as I soon found, was applauding the veto. He could not sit for excitement, but walked the cabin every now and then, putting the stick rather near his antagonist. I caught a few sentences, from which I learned that he was a defender of the Constitution. "Yes, sir," said he, "Governor Boutwell has done a glorious deed. General Jackson made a veto and immortalized his name, and the senate of the United States sustained him. Governor Boutwell takes his stand by the hero of New Orleans, the immortal vetoer, and the senate of Massachusetts sustains him by a vote of 21 to 19. Yes, sir, he has saved his country; he is a second Washington, and posterity will encircle his memory." "Well," said the respondent, "I think the law would have done good—whisky does a great deal of harm." "'No sin, no sin,' it is one of the best things on earth in its place. Don't physicians use it? Don't — use it? I've seen the time when preachers and deacons used it, and they preached and prayed better then than they do now, and were better neighbors. They used to have it in stores and harvest-fields. Why, a farmer could not raise a barn nor cut an acre of grain without it, and a doctor could not prescribe without it; and then, sir, there were not many drunkards; there was not one drunkard then where there are ten now. No, sir, it ain't the whisky, that is good enough. Why, I've tried it; I know it is good for children, and it's good for old people; it's good in the cold, and good in the heat; it is good outside, and it is good inside. I've tried it. When I am agueish I've put it in my hat, and put it in my shoes. Don't these fine ladies wash their faces in it, heh? Why, sir, you haven't been through what I've been, or you would have found it board, and lodging, and washing." The gentleman archly remarked that he had known many to get a night's lodging by it, but as to the board and washing he was not so sure. Then alluding to the evils of intemperance he roused up

the old man again. "Well, sir, it is these youngsters they don't know how to manage, that buy their liquor by the drink. That is not the way. I never could drink a sixpence worth at a time without drinking too much; but I buy it by the pint and take what is good for me, like a reasonable *creatur*. No, no, the liquor don't do harm after all; it is just this *Church and state*. When they joined to break down our liberties the mischief began. That is the way all these drunkards are made; men just drink hard to show them that they don't give up the Constitution, and that is the great question. It ain't the liquor, sir, that we care about, it is the Constitution. There is my whisky, now, sir, take it if you dare. It is founded on the bill of rights—the constitution of eternal rights. What does it say?—'life, liberty, and the pursuit of property.' Sir, I won't let you touch it, but would fight to the last. Look there that side, you see Bunker Hill, don't you? That is a great preacher; it has preached liberty for generations more than all the preachers. Look that side, you see Dorchester heights, where Washington stood. Now, sir, do you understand that? If that law had passed, you would have seen the blood flow faster than it ever did in the days of the Revolution. Yes, sir, and the Governor would have called the Legislature together to repeal the law quicker than the Yankees put the tea overboard. Sir, we in old Massachusetts, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, will support the Constitution." Well, the Governor has signed substantially the same; so the old liquor hero will have a chance to fight for the Constitution. He may lose some liquor in the battle, but he does not appear to have much blood to spare.

But ladies have zeal for the Constitution as well as gentlemen; indeed, it seems to be the passion of the American people. While sitting in a barber-shop, some time since, under the razor, a well-dressed portly negro woman opened the door. Her skin was of jet black and shining; her ears were adorned with long earrings of gold; her step and manner indicated great self-confidence; indeed, her air and deportment were imperious, and but for her earrings and bonnet I might have taken her for an Ethiopian eunuch of the Sublime Porte. "Can you tell, boy," said she, "whether there are any houses to rent in this neighborhood?"

The barber replied very dryly, "There are some rooms in this house to be rented."

"Boy," she cried, "do you take me for a country darkie? Do you think I live in a room? No, sir, I asked not for rooms but houses."

The barber becoming agitated, but still keeping razor in hand and pretending to continue his operation, remarked, "You had better ask how to get out of the city than how to get a house in it."

The woman, drawing nearer, and looking vengeance, cried, "Boy, what do you mean by insulting a woman of my quality?"

"Ah," said the barber, trembling like an aspen, "I know you very well."

The woman, stamping with her feet, shouted out, "Sir, I know what you mean. But when we live at Rome we must do as Rome does. The whites have been very kind to me; they have given me my freedom, and I am resolved that I will always be bold and courageous in promulgating the Constitution and the laws."

Now, the poor barber was a small and sickly man, and the woman could have thrown him from the shop as a boy could toss his top. I began to tremble for him. He very wisely made no reply to this eloquent declaration of independence, and the woman, after giving a few admonitions to the youth, took her departure. After she left I inquired of the barber why he should treat so impolitely a woman of so decent an appearance.

"Ah," said he, "if you knew her as well as I do you would not ask. She is," he continued, "a free colored woman, who was owned by a southern planter, of whom she was a favorite mistress. When her master died he liberated her, and made provision for her support. Among other property he gave her a colored girl. Having moved to this city, the woman took her slave to Kentucky and hired her out, and going over weekly to receive her wages, she took a cowhide with her, and, no matter what the girl's conduct had been, she took her aside and gave her a severe beating. When she was asked why she did so, she replied that she was determined to support the Constitution. The people at length informed her that if she repeated the operation they would support the Constitution on her back. Finding that she could not whip her slave, she took her down the river and sold her."

I have often thought of the zeal of this patriotic woman. How often do our demagogues manifest a similar zeal! They pity the poor people. They would gladly relieve them and bless them, but ah, the Constitution! And as they raise the cowhide over the bleeding backs of their constituents, and follow stroke with stroke, if you admonish them to pause, they cry, "Constitution, Constitution!"

TRIFLES.

THE words of Joseph Addison ensuing are full of wisdom:

"As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale and lose his appetite upon the plucking a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics: a rusty nail or crooked pin shoot up into prodigies."

BE KIND TO THE ERRING.

BY HARRIET.

As we are commanded to imitate the example of Christ, it is evidently our duty to strive to do good to all mankind. The poor have a right to expect aid from the more opulent. Were this not the case they might justly complain of their humble situation. But were all equally wealthy many of the finer feelings of the heart would be unfelt and unknown. The giver could not have the consciousness of having aided a fellow-man, and thus rendering him happy, which would greatly contribute to his own happiness; for it is a source of true pleasure to increase the joys of another.

Kindness and assistance should be bestowed alike on the aged and bereaved. The heart of the one may be ready to sink under the burden of cares which time has heaped upon it: that of the other may be oppressed by the weight of loneliness. Friends, one by one, have departed to the "land of the blest," and now they wander alone, their frail bark rudely tossed on life's stormy ocean. Kindness to these would dispel the clouds of despondency, and shed the sunlight of joy and hope upon their hearts.

There is yet another class which should call forth the sympathy, the attention, and the benevolence of all. Rightly has it been said, "The erring need the dew of gentle words to refresh their weary hearts."

On earth we need not expect perfection. Many times do wayward mortals leave the bright and flowery paths of virtue to wander in the dark desert plains of vice. If we expect forgiveness from Him, who ever deals justly, we must forgive the erring, though they have many times transgressed, and not forsake them and turn them coldly away. Perhaps they have no pious father whose steps they may follow in the path that leads to lasting joys. The voice of a mother which has oft been raised in behalf of her wandering child is hushed in death, yet its influence may still be felt, and that wanderer, affected by its tenderness, and encouraged by friendly advice, seeks forgiveness. Or the mother herself may have been abandoned to vice, and the daughter, perhaps, looking to her for an example, has been led far from the path of virtue; yet look not in contempt upon her. Seek to win that erring child back to right ways by kind words and gentle deeds. Possessing common sense, with maturer age, she may see her error, and, sorely repenting of her sins before God, she demands your aid in keeping the right path. Then cease your slanderous tales, O ye of mean intent. Stretch forth a helping hand, O ye who bear Christianity's hallowed name. Let not the repentant, erring one be driven to the abodes of infamy for the want of your encouraging words and approbating smiles, remembering that "they who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

DYING HOURS OF THE MOTHER OF THE DR. PECKS.

BY REV. ROBERT M'GOWENAL.

HERE is transcribed another page of my recollections—the death-bed scene of one whose whole life was ample proof of her experimental acquaintance with the Christian religion. It was the conclusion of a long and interesting pilgrimage; and, in her departure from this world of vanity and of toil to her celestial possessions, the holy woman of whom we speak was only entering upon the felicitous enjoyment of her eternal home. It was an occasion of solemn interest to me, who never before was privileged with beholding a Christian pass within the domain of death. Many are the emotions under whose control we first enter the chamber where Death has anticipated us—where his potent hand is already busy loosing the ligaments of the human body, binding it with those cold and heavy chains, and soothing it into those profound slumbers, which the resurrection alone can dissolve and interrupt. No other scene in this world of dramatic analogies and contrasts can parallel the exhibitions of the chamber of death. Such did the dying hours of the pious female whose name introduces this paper prove to me, before such dying scenes became familiar.

A brief retrospective glance is necessary. A warm day of summer had drawn toward the close of its fervid part, when an aged pair came to the abode of our Principal—an elderly gentleman, with much of the patriarchal mien about him, and his wife, who had shared the rough and the smooth places of life together for many years. They had journeyed from south-western New York to the extreme northern part of the same state, into a county which borders the river St. Lawrence. The end purposed in this long and fatiguing journey, undertaken amid the fervors of summer, in a private conveyance, was to spend the last days of their life with the youngest son of the family. Both had passed that period of life when action and enterprise are the goal of existence, and had arrived at that part in which contemplation is preferred to new achievements in knowledge, and repose is more grateful than exertion. The rural quiet and simple manners of our little village were a grace and an attraction to the charms of which even youth might yield with scarcely a regret; while the aged would eagerly covet them as prophetic of an unworldly refuge from toil and care, and a retreat in time of infirmity and decay.

The fatigues of such a journey, added to the natural decay of age, were a heavy burden for the remaining strength of the wife. The way was thus prepared for the work of a disease, which was not long in bringing her life to its closing hour. She immediately began to descend the slope of that vale in which are the swellings of Jordan. The descent was painful in the extreme, but the pilgrim was patient; it was rough and precipitous,

but the Christian was all calmness and resignation; it was attended by loved ones, whose every look and act became more significant of attention, and love, and service, the nearer she drew to the brink of the cold stream, but she rather bestowed than received the ministry of consolation, and her deportment threw a hue of Christian dignity over all things. Few persons ever entered the chamber, which was thus the abode of the fiery chariot of God for a brief space, without feeling the pressure of a hand of power, of restraint, of elevation. The failing invalid is now before me, after several years have swept by, as in those hours of furnace-trial. Once more I behold the open countenance, the expanded brow traced with the lines of years, the white, natural drapery of the head, and the lineaments of intense suffering. But above all other things, there again appears the bow of holy promise arching the bed of this child of God, while she was addressing herself to the labors of this last journey.

It was not on account of the absence of the ablest ministry of the medical profession that the decaying strength yielded to the repeated blows of the disease. The inclining fabric was bending from its equilibrium, and this superadded force achieved its fall. There lingered a persuasion in the hearts of all, that this would prove a sickness unto death; and the mental states passed through all of the different degrees which lie between vague fear that it may be so, and final certainty that the time is come for the ebbing tide of life to flow out to its last drop. When all human aid is unblest to our relief, when the vision fails from long watching for a star to gleam on our way, when our fondest hopes assume the attitude and the speech of mockery, then we find no other resource but to fall back on the bare arm of Almighty strength and grace. A wonderful lesson—but how hard to learn! To arrest the fall of that weapon of bereavement which we saw suspended over us, our entire circle of Christian sympathy bent toward its suffering center—the decaying invalid. But I fear there was more of sympathy than of faith, more of self than of resignation, in our approaches to the throne of heavenly grace. The prayers of a united seminary did not avail—the parent and the wife was not spared. The malady progressed rapidly to the achievement of its conquest; and it may not be a profitless pursuit to trace it up to the close of the hour of death.

The last night of the earthly pilgrimage of this pious female finally came; far sooner than we had, even in our fears, placed the hour of her departure. Unreserved submission to the will of God is ever a duty of all persons, specially of those who bear the Christian name; but sometimes the blow which strikes us, or falls on our circle of friends, comes so instantly that it whelms and paralyzes with surprise. So was it in the case of the subject of our narrative; and though we knew the approach of the king of terrors was inevitable, we wished

the hour of his work to be put far away from us. A cloud of sadness, illumined by many beams of grace, stood over our tabernacle, both a symbol of the Divine presence and a pledge of guidance; and we drew the nearer to each other as this mother in Israel was being removed from the wilderness to the land of promise. Yea, a link was about to fall from the social chain of pure gold, which had been so bright and so strong, and which had bound us so tenderly and so affectionately together. Every step upon the floor was light, and as noiseless as affection and awe could make it—as if the mansion of death should be made to resemble as nearly as possible those celestial mansions, from which we verily believed august ministering angels were come to accompany another of the blood-washed saints of earth to heaven. All had done, and still continued to do, what was possible to ease the descent of that last declivity, down which the weary pilgrim goes but once. To all deeds of ministering action in behalf of the sufferer a cessation-point had arrived; intense anxiety and thought for a time reigned predominant; but it was not long before emotion, which often precedes a stroke of bereavement, began to sway a scepter of tears over us. We could now with fearful distinctness hear the chariot of the great King in the distance, and feel most intensely the trembling of its near approach.

During the first part of the time of which we are now taking note, temporal thoughts and feelings of anxiety, that the saint might possibly yet be permitted a longer stay on earth, did what they could to assert dominion over the receding moments; but soon afterward spiritual thoughts and feelings, more appropriate to the Sabbath-like cast of the occasion, more fully distinguished by that submission which Christianity inspires, and more befitting the holy attainments of the person who was swiftly approaching the conclusion of all her toils, took a quiet and a hallowing possession of us. No fears were entertained of her safe passage of the waters of dissolution, nor a doubt of her immediate and triumphant arrival at the open gates of the city of God. The reason of this hope which amounted almost to fruition, the groundwork of this faith almost transmuted to sight, lay in a knowledge of this fact, that she who thus stood on the crumbling verge of this world had served her generation to the utmost of her ability. All of her children had gone forth into life, and had entered upon spheres of usefulness in the visible Church; and all of her sons, to the number of five, the great Shepherd had chosen to the high calling of the ministry of the word of life. With that culturing labor which the pious parent alone understands, she had kept many vigils over their infantile years—had superintended their juvenile period of physical and intellectual education. And, blessed to relate! this wonderful woman had never rested till every child had sworn fealty to the Sovereign of Calvary, and had thereafter been trained up through the immature parts of their

Christian experience, where numerous snares are set for unwary feet, and where great multitudes fearfully apostatize, and never, alas! are recovered to themselves nor to the cause of God. It was a ripe sheaf, therefore, that lay upon that death-bed altar, ready to be borne to the treasure-house above.

The twilight hour had gone by, and the evening was advancing, when it became painfully evident that the strength of the patient was fast yielding to the dissolving pressure of the hand of Death. The physician in attendance announced the hour of dissolution to be drawing near. All who were related to the sufferer, and who were present—for most of the kindred were many miles away—were assembled around the bed of death to consecrate their time and affection to the last hours of the departing one. Many other friends also were present, filling the apartments near the one whence came the sad sound of the laboring breath of the dying, to bear the fraternal part in the bereavement that was so soon to make that house one of tears. The idle spectator and the curious were not there. Each person was possessor of a lot and a part in that close of life.

An oppressive sense or estimate of the distinguishable progress of death in the conquest of life rested upon me. It is sometimes very long, after we know that the king of terrors has laid his dark hand upon his victim, before he finishes his work of wasting, and lays the corrupting flesh and blood in the silence of the grave. In the case which we are narrating, it appeared as if every witness of the dying scene could mark the steps of the destroyer, as they were taken successively—could hear the cut of every tooth in his sickle, as each one sundered its ligament. He touched the extremities, and no bathing and friction could remove the chill from them. His breath moved over the numerous canals of circulation, and suddenly the life-fluid stagnated. An irregular movement characterized the action of the heart—now its efforts were rapid and violent, then slow and labored, then they were intermitted. A colorless hue that was unmistakable moved along over the features, attended by pearls of cold perspiration, which hung in profusion upon the temples and lay in the grooves of age on the forehead. A radiance peculiarly death's own lighted the eyes to an unnatural glow. Finally, it was evident that the tone of the entire outer man was reduced to the very brink of dissolution; nature labored convulsively to continue her usual functions; the fire of life had gone out; the uniform action of real life had departed, and left its devastated domain to the aggressive steps of decay.

A circumstance which made the progress of death more perceptible than it otherwise would have been was, about ten in the evening, an apparent suspension to all outward vision of his functions. It was thought that perhaps the morning would come ere the chariot of God, which stood waiting there, shedding glory over the place, would mount to its

ethereal course. Under this impression most of the friends, save the near relatives, had retired to rest. But they had been absent scarcely seventy minutes from the chamber of suffering, before the intelligence was rapidly spread from one to another that the final hour had come. It was a short time past eleven when all were again present. During our short absence the reaper had wrought with great rapidity. Articulation had ceased; and what remained of sensation was scarcely sufficient to repeat the sign, which her son, the Rev. Jesse T. Peck, late President of Dickinson College, Penn., had proposed, as a testimony of the power of divine grace to support her in death. That gentleman sat leaning against the head of his mother's couch, bearing her head on his bosom. Rev. Erastus Wentworth, late President of M'Kendree College, as if in pledge of that sacred friendship which has for years subsisted between them, stood beside him. Rev. Anson W. Cummins, President of M'Kendree College, was also standing near the bed of the departing. The husband of the dying saint, for many years a very successful class-leader in the Methodist Episcopal Church, stood at the foot of the bed of his expiring wife. Thrice did we hear the long breaths of expiration, with unequal intervals between them. We saw the arms of Death close around his victim in the last gasp, the eye became fixed, the members of the body relaxed, and the pilgrim had passed on through the last struggle to the other shore, which, because of the mortal veil over our eyes, we could not discern. The energies of nature had been consumed, and the ashes lay in the bottom of the urn alone. Yea, the flame in the censer had expired, the column of odor was rising into the temple of God in heaven, and naught but a handful of dust remained to us.

Among the scenes of death of which I have been a witness, not one has possessed the religious, the deeply holy element so completely developed as this one. The world of the invisible had much to do with the exercises and experiences of that awful place and hour, and appeared to address the proofs of its wonderful presence, not alone to the consciousness, but even to the sensation—the outward vision. In a remarkable degree was this true when we all knelt in worship around the bed of the dying—the almighty grace folded the blood-sprinkled vesture of Jesus sweetly around us. And again the same gracious influence abode upon us at the moment when the last effort of the body at respiration had settled into the quiet and passive attitude of death. A sentiment kindred to that which moved the emotions of Peter at the wonderful revelations of Tabor's transfiguration glory was present, stirring the very fountains of our religious being, and moving us to desire a more intimate fellowship with the Prince of Peace. No one was present there whose eyes did not publish the conquest which the occasion and his emotions had made. A veil of sorrow—not that sorrow which follows its departed one off into the rayless pro-

found with dreadful apprehensions of what the future may reveal, but that sorrow which is like rain amidst the sunshine—was drawn graciously around us. An immovable persuasion took immediate possession of every breast, that the heir of holy promise had passed within the veil of eternal years only to be elevated to the seats of the celestial throng. At the moment when the last agony was over, when the silence and placidity of death had ensued, the husband of the enfranchised one, as if a gust of praise, tinged with the sweet and resigned lament of a bereaved heart, had swept across his soul, burst forth into song, and, joined by others, sang a prayer of submission:

"Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day."

NOAH'S DOVE.

—
BY WILLIAM BAXTER.
—

THE bark which rode the deluge-storm
Still sailed upon a shoreless sea,
The sport of waves, which threw their crests
Aloft in chainless majesty.

The storm-tossed few on board oft cast
Over that wide waste an anxious look;
But nothing met their wishful gaze,
And hope well-nigh each heart forsook.

A hand put forth a dark-plumed bird,
Which flew like arrow from the string,
And onward sped from morn till eve,
Yet found no place to fold its wing.

But it returned not; then the hand
Put forth a bird of plumage white,
And many voices from within
Said, "Speed, sweet bird, to land thy flight!"

All day she cleft the trackless waste
Of ether, but no wooded height,
Looming above the vast expanse
Of waters, met her longing sight.

Seven days pass by, and, lo! again
She soars from that lone bark away;
But not in vain her mission then
In search of land o'er ocean's spray;

For, ere the eye of day had closed,
A budding olive-tree is seen;
She darts amid the fragrant boughs,
And plucks a leaf of richest green:

Then hastens back with eager joy,
To bear the signal to the hand
Of him who sent her forth to seek
Some traces of the wished-for land.

She brought the reconciling leaf
To man; and men will never cease
To call this white-winged messenger
The type of innocence and peace.

COUNTRY CHURCHES AND CHURCH-YARDS.

BY ALISON GARNY.

THE grave! what a mournful mystery it is—in its darkness and silence eloquent beyond the mighty voices that compass the world! How often, O how often, sick of the turmoil and the nothing of life, I have turned aside, my lost, my unforgotten ones, to sit by your graves, and wrap my soul with the shadow that is also peace! Down to your stony pillows there comes no troubling dream; across your shrouded bosoms no wave of pain. The locks upon which we laid the burial flowers no storm can fade from their beauty; the smile that answered our weeping love at the last no indifference nor harshness may ever unsettle again. Sleep on, my dear ones, sleep on! if our love, wayward, and wandering, and restless ever, were never so strong and so perfect, it could not shelter you so well as you are sheltered now.

Though I mourn, and must mourn always, for the light gone out before me, for the tones that spoke hope and courage, for the arms upon which in fainting and faltering I lean, I would not call you back where pain and passion embitter all the fountains, where

"Vexation, disappointment, and remorse"

minge with the greatest achievements, and where the best and noblest affections are continually forced back into the heart, till with its own fullness it breaks at last. The brief rapture of partial success; the wild fluttering of the heart that catches of its beating a momentary echo; the glory, the triumph that here and there, in the long lapses of the ages, brighten like stars out of darkness—

"The lights, the landmarks on the cliffs of fame,"

these are not enough to buy us from the weariness of toil, from the fretfulness of baffled and broken hopes.

Our doom is on us, and there is no escape. We must sow the seed though the harvest ripen for another, and plant the orchard in the assurance that the fruit will never drop into our laps. We must work; for in labor is our only rest. In the grave there is no work, nor knowledge, nor device. As the task-field widens before, and I go forward, I may lose sight of the graves of my kindred, and my own may be severed from them by mountains or seas, but Gabriel will find us and bring us together at last. What bodies shall we wear and what manner of spirits shall we be? To me it is a beautiful thought, that we shall be

"Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same."

Since the sod was broken long ago in a quiet country church-yard to make the bed of one dearer to me than my own life, I have loved such places, and enjoyed a sorrowful pleasure in treading among the long grass, and over the red briars and blue thistles that are apt to grow there, which I do not find in the flowery avenues that lead among the stately vaults and elaborate marbles of renowned

cemeteries. And I seldom lose an opportunity of entering the precincts where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep"—of tracing their "names and dates, spelled by the unlettered muse," beneath the green mosses that creep over their low headstones, and of imagining the course of the lives now "rounded by a sleep."

And this brings me to a little incident, which in the beginning I intended to relate.

Have you ever been startled, reader, by finding in a strange burial-place some familiar name? If not, you can, perhaps, imagine something of the feeling such circumstances would arouse.

The first Sabbath of this leafy June in which I am now writing, lassitude and weariness, the result of close confinement in the pent-up city, induced a short drive into the country. The morning was one of such exceeding beauty as I have no words to describe, and the scenery through which we passed was one continued panorama—through the suburban districts of the Queen City, with the starry summit of Mt. Adams at the right, and the white spire of the Cathedral away across the gray roofs at the left; the bright waters of the Ohio washing the bases of the hills behind us, and the classic shades of Walnut Hills darkening before; while the road continually wound among hedges of flowery shrubs, and between cottages and farm-houses, and elegant mansions of leisure. I can not paint the loveliness of the picture, nor infuse into your heart the sweet Sabbath atmosphere that quietly overspread all.

Here sat an old gray-headed man on the vine-covered porch, reading his Bible; the while, hard by, less austere perhaps, but no less rejoicing, the young maiden trimmed her locks with roses; and on the green lawn the little children, in their tidiest and trimmest array, pulled the yellow dandelions, and pelted each other in playful warfare.

Carriages filled with men and women met us frequently, bound city-ward and church-ward, till we turned aside from the paved road into a more obscure and quiet way.

The scenery presently took a not less pleasing but more rural aspect. Doves of cows stood knee-deep in clover meadows, or, full to repletion, lay in the thick shadows of the maples and walnuts; while flocks of sheep nibbled along scantier pastures, as they always do, as though neither wholly satisfied nor thoroughly hungry, and plump little lambs, in all the glory of unshorn fleeces, skipped playfully about their sheared dams, or set the strength of sprouting horns against each other. The sober work-horses stood in the shade, with the marks of the traces along their sides, and with ears set back as if in sullen defiance. Nevertheless, they will to-morrow

"Mutely labor with the heaviest load."

I could not help thinking what a blessedness, even to the brute creation, the Sabbath is. Man is often a hard task-master, and if it were not for this episode, what a long and weary day of toil their

lives would be—the lives of such, I mean, as man has more especially subjected to his uses.

Fainter and fainter grew the sound of the ringing bells, till the music was quite lost to us, and in deep silence the shadows went and came over the blue greenness of the oat-fields. In a very retired and quiet district, and just in the edge of a thick woods, there stood one of those old-fashioned meeting-houses which are only found in the country—a small wooden building, without belfry or pretensions of any sort. Having never been painted, it looked gray and somber as the head-stones that stood thick all about the yard. A giant oak or two grew by the road fence, and dropped their branches against the low roof; the roses bloomed wild among the graves; and over all there seemed an atmosphere of sanctity and peace.

Standing in the thick woods of the rear were many carriages and horses; for the worshipers were already mostly assembled. Bridle reins were flung over the low boughs, and groups of smart youths, less pious, perhaps, than they should have been, loitered here and there in the ample and grateful shade of beech or elm, with whip in hand, and booted and spurred as though to ride a race.

They conversed in under tones; but from the furtive glances that now and then followed the fluttering robes that demurely disappeared through the narrow church door, the direction of their thoughts might be guessed. Most of them were sweating under warm broadcloth, to which they were not used, and red indentures along their foreheads pleaded against the heavy fur hats that Sundays and holidays brought into requisition.

When we came in sight of the old church, we heard the hymn in wild solemnity ringing across the woods and fields. As we drew nearer, the music, at first a mere wave of harmony, shaped itself into one of those old melodies with which devotional feelings are so closely associated in the minds of most of us; and as we came opposite the gray walls and oaken shadows, we distinctly caught the words:

"The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the prophecies."

How deep, how almost ineffaceable are the impressions of childhood, when the heart is "wax to receive and marble to retain!" It was in an old church neighbored by woods, and in the midst of a ruinous graveyard, that I first heard the Gospel; and in spite of all reasoning to the contrary, I am apt to associate the most devout Christianity with just such rude temples, and with just such people as are likely to be found there; and cushioned pews and carpeted aisles seem to my primitive and simple prejudices—for they are nothing else—exceedingly worldly, to say the least.

The old church where first my young feet were drawn in among the worshipers was not far from "the house where I was born;" and from

"The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn,"

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I could see the dark background of forest wherein it made the chief picture, and just beyond which the blue sky seemed bending to the ground.

One of my goings thither I especially remember; and away across the years that lie dark between, I can go as though it were yesterday, and see again all I then saw—feel again all I then felt.

It was a Sabbath morning and the great day of the feast; for there had been a protracted meeting, or what is generally termed in the country a "big meeting," in course of continuance for a week previous to the day of which I design to speak; and in consequence there had been a general awakening in the country roundabout, till the tabernacle was become too small for the accommodation of the much people.

I had been graciously permitted on the preceding day to go and stay all night with a little rustic friend, who was a little older and a great deal *smarter* and wiser than I, inasmuch as she could milk three cows in the space of time required by myself for the milking of one, and keep house with all the regularity and precision of the most exemplary housewife, when her "ancient mother" chanced to go visiting or to town, or to isolate herself in the lumber-room over the wagon-house a day for the picking of geese, while I could only do imperfectly as I was directed, without any of that admirable forecast which links one thing to another, and makes one thing bring round another, till all the routine is gone through and brought to a close, by making the warm water in which the milk-pails were washed serve as a remedial bath for the chapped hands and feet of the children.

In all these things I was essentially away below my little neighbor, whose example was often held up as my guiding star; and for this reason, as well as for some natural liking for her, I esteemed it a great privilege to be permitted to pass the night with her. Our family discipline admitted not of much visiting, and I believe I could number up every one of these bright episodes in my childhood's history.

The home wherein this scrubby, chubby girl abode and wrought with such remarkable diligence and precocity, was scarcely more than a stone's throw from the old church and church-yard of which I have been speaking, and my attendance of the great meeting was facilitated by the visit.

The trampling of horses and the rumbling of carriages down the hard clay road, beaten and baked by storms and suns, and here and there on the hill-sides polished almost like steel-blue stone with the frequent scraping of the locked wheels, made noisy the otherwise still twilight, as Molly and I sat on the low porch, edged with a row of alternate cats and myrtle pots, listening, and talking, and wishing that we were old enough to go to meeting of nights.

The light of the dozen tallow candles within twinkled among the trees, and over the grass-hidden head-stones and broken palings, and down

the pathway worn deeply in the sod, along which passed group after group of maidens or young men, or of both together, and disappeared from our watching eyes, and where sometimes among their children and children's children tottered the feeble steps of old men and women, who were not much used to going from home of nights, and would not have done so now for any other than a Gospel feast.

After the people were collected, and the noise of wagons and carriages grew still, we could distinctly hear the words of the hymn, and the full-swelling chorus with which it was interlarded. I remember the very air, though in what phrenologists call tune I am quite deficient; but this was the hymn with which the services began:

"Jesus my all to heaven has gone—
I am bound to die in the army;
He whom I fix my hopes upon—
I am bound to die in the army;
His track I see and I'll pursue—
I am bound to die in the army;
The narrow way till him I view—
I am bound to die in the army;
I am bound to live in the service of the Lord,
I am bound to die in the army!"

As we lay awake under the dainty coverlid of the tidiest of all chambers, we could hear the deep tones of the preacher, which, divided into cadences that spoke most pleading earnestness, went flowing far out into the night. "It is Mr. L.," said Molly. "I can always tell his voice. It goes rolling round and round as though he had a fanning-mill in his lungs. I hope he will preach to-morrow when we go."

"Why," said I, "is he a good preacher?" I suspect I had no right apprehension of my meaning, nor she either, though she replied enthusiastically that he was the best preacher she ever heard.

I am inclined to think now that Molly's estimate was based on the general opinion of the preacher's eloquence and talents; for he had brought many souls into the kingdom, and was esteemed by all who knew him as one of the excellent of the earth.

The morning came up bright and clear; and at an early hour the road became crowded with people, who all centered in and about the old church. We were ready betimes; and though Molly kept wishing that Mr. L. might preach that day, she was evidently a little worldly-minded, and could not keep her eyes and hands off the new red dress she wore, nor the yellow glass beads that adorned her neck out of her mouth. Duly provided with hollyhocks and sprigs of "old man's beard," and each having in our pocket some cakes to be eaten at "intermission," we set out. An hour before service began we arrived, and, fearing we should get tired, seated ourselves on a mossy log in the edge of the woods, and amused ourselves by observing the gathering of the congregation.

Young men by twos, and threes, and sixes, came riding on prankish colts, while the soberer work-

horses drew the wagon which held the old people. Upright they sat upon hard wooden chairs; the old ladies in close-fitting silk bonnets of drab or black, and the narrow leventines they had worn upon like occasions from time immemorial; with great fans made of the tails of turkeys, with the quills and wires at their points bound under the green velvet that had once adorned the coat collar of the good man, or been haply a part of his vest. Over the backs of their chairs hung woolen shawls, lest it might prove chilly in the woods; and each bore on her arm a willow basket or a great work-bag, well filled with twisted doughnuts and apple turnovers for luncheon; for, with one brief intermission, such meetings are often continued through the greater part of the day.

Many of the old men wore stout calfskin shoes, tied with leather strings, and without socks, so that a portion of the bare ankle was visible. They wore no neckcloths, but their broad, unstarched collars reversed, and their vests hanging open, revealing a multitudinous studding of buttons. But they were good, honest men; and even the most fastidious of their friends did not object to their going to church "in their shirt sleeves;" so what mattered it? The gray hairs streaming from beneath their broad-brimmed hats were crowns of honor to them; and children and grandchildren hurried to give them greeting, and to lend their services in securing the horses by attaching their check-reins to sapling or fence-rail, and then assisting the old people to alight—a process difficult of accomplishment, and compassed by placing one of the chairs which had served for a seat on the ground, where it served for a step.

Not unfrequently the horses were unharnessed, and with collars hanging loose about their necks, and trace-chains caught up in the breeching, drooped their heads and switched the flies in some shady nook till the "intermission," when they were removed to the tail-end of the wagon, where they regaled themselves on oats and corn, which their masters had providently provided for their benefit, while themselves partook of the contents of the aforementioned bags and willow baskets. The most gorgeous pageant of royalty must fail now of the splendor which then dazzled our eyes, as we sat on the mossy log, and beheld the coming and coming of the people.

Many were the young ladies who came on horse-back; some of them in white muslin dresses, the skirts of which they caught up over the left arm as they rode, while the right hand held the long-fringed green parasols, and the pink and blue scarfs blew back on the wind, giving them a picturesque effect. They were generally accompanied by young men—not brothers, but whose feelings and relations were sufficiently indicated, not only

"By the merriment that sparkled in their eyes,"

but by the flourishing of their red and blue ratans, which were now and then playfully brought to bear on the shaggy flanks of the animals ridden

by their fair companions, as also by the hats set jauntily aside. Lightly leaped the ladies to the ground, often before their gallants had time to offer them assistance, and leaving them looking wistfully after, hurried away to the church, for it would have been considered a shame and scandal to be seen entering together.

What a curious paraphernalia was presented—wagons with their empty chairs turned down against the straw that carpeted the wagon-beds—horses, some sober and sullen, others stamping and neighing; some in dangling harness; some "ungeared," but checked with sweaty streaks where the hames had been; some relieved of the old saddles, that hung over stumps or fence-rails here and there; while others were reined smartly up with steel-spangled martingales and two broad girths of flaming colors, the one passing around the breast and the other under the belly, while the silk-quilted diamonds of the buckskin-seated saddles and the bright bossing of the bridles made the wearer arch his neck proudly, or now and then bite the shoulder of the less elegantly trapped filly beside him, that, unmindful of the multitude, nibbled the short grass and beech-leaves just as she would have done in the woods at home.

Here stood a stout, plethoric carriage, with square top, curtains all rolled high, and the red or yellow wheels and other *et ceteras* fresh from the yesterday's washing; and there a muddy old barouche, with the cover shoved back and mildewed together; and through and among all shone the blue and crimson velvet and the black, shining horns of the numberless side-saddles.

Groups of young men sat about under the trees, sharpening pocket-knives on their boots, and talking of the crops or the weather; while others, more seriously disposed, arranged seats about the churchyard of the fallen gravestones, or cracked and shrunken sugar-troughs which they carried out of the woods, that they might hear a part of the sermon; while others again built scaffolding, or drew their buggies beneath the windows, where they could see and hear as well as they within. Children grew tired even before the announcement of the first text, and worn but patient mothers were seen leading them—fretful of the cumbrance of fine hats, and bonnets, and red stockings, and tight shoes, which they were not used to—down the hill toward the spring; which, however, only satisfied them for a little while, and cakes, and threats, and coaxings were brought into requisition, and baffled in turn. Poor little things! they were accustomed to the most unrestrained freedom, and did not like the artificial requirements of a *big meeting*.

Amused by the various picture, we remained sitting on the mossy seat we had chosen till the house was filled to overflowing. At this juncture of affairs we arose, and made our way into the house as we could, for the crowd was dense. We were, however, soon relieved of our embarrassment by an old white-headed gentleman who sat against

the wall; for beckoning us to him, he lifted us on to the window-sill, so that we had the advantage of air as well as of seeing—a no inconsiderable item in our estimation, albeit our feet grew a little weary with dangling so long.

The wall had been plastered roughly, and the slightly arched ceiling was supported by four hickory posts, whose natural coating of bark had never been removed, and against which were hung tin candle-holders, consisting of a long strip of tin, at the bottom of which was a small dish with crimped edges, wherein the candles were set. Along the wall hung some similar conveniences, with smoke clouding the plaster round about and above them. The slips were reduced to the simplest style, being formed of slabs into benches, without backs, cushions, or foot-stools to relieve the tedium of a three hours' sitting.

The floor was of unplanned boards, but nicely swept; and the pulpit was in the form of a high, small, and half-circular box, destitute of every ornament. Its base was some four or five feet above the floor of the church, and its extreme height but a little below the ceiling. A flat board projected from its narrow rim for the accommodation of the Bible and Hymn-Book; and on this occasion it also held a tumbler and a pitcher of water.

During the preliminary singing the ministers, five or six in number, sat in the area round about the pulpit; but when the hour of preaching arrived they ascended into the high and narrow box, where they disappeared, except the officiating clergyman, whose head and shoulders alone were visible.

The day was warm, and the dense crowd tended to make the heat exceedingly oppressive; and the clergyman, not having the fear of fashion before his eyes, preparatory to the service, divested himself of his coat, and hung over the rim of the pulpit a large, red bandana handkerchief, which previously, folded in the form of a rectangular triangle, had been tied over his head. He then imbibed a deep draught of water, and began the service by reading, in a voice so low at first as to be inaudible, a hymn containing some fifteen or twenty stanzas.

He began his sermon also in low, almost whispering tones; but as he proceeded there came out a volume of voice that filled not only the house, but all the woods round about. And all that vast congregation was swayed to and fro in the waves of his simple but true eloquence. One and all they felt,

"How beautiful on the mountains
The feet of the righteous are!
How sweet is the silver singing
Of lips that are used to prayer!
For they heard, as the full tone deepened
To eloquence sublime,
Echoes of muffled footsteps
In the corridors of crime:
And the hearts of a thousand bosoms
Shrank frightened and trembling back,
Like a fawn in a heath of blossoms
With the hunters on its track."

At the conclusion of a sermon two hours in delivery came the intermission. Five persons were to receive the ordinance of baptism by immersion; for the purpose of which nearly all the congregation formed into a procession, and marched along a winding road through the woods and down the hill-side, pausing on the bank of a clear, deep rivulet. What a great cloud of people there hung on either shore! Some of the youths climbed into the trees, and looked down in awe and wonderment; while others came galloping across the uncleared woods, the dry sticks crashing beneath the shod hoofs of their horses, till on some hillock hard by they paused, and remained without dismounting. Old men with uncovered heads leaned tremblingly on their staffs; and young men and women forgot for awhile the frivolous things of time and sense, as the hymn prepared the waiting souls for the most solemn dedication to eternity. Close where the waves washed almost at their feet they stood who were to go down into the water and up out of the water, and close about them their near friends; while already knee-deep within the water he stood whose arm they were presently to take about them, and, in the meekness of hearts leaning on God, go in.

As many as could joined in the hymn. How it rang down the valley, and over the hill-sides, and thrilled through human hearts, as in wild and solemn cadences it rose and fell! Now I hear them sing the verse,

"Jesus, I my cross have taken
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou henceforth my strength shalt be."

A husband and wife, well stricken in years and sorrows, were the first toward whom the Baptist reached forth his hand. Lovely had been the long course of their lives, and now, in turning their faces Zionward, they were not divided. I shuddered, and was half afraid as I saw the faint prints of their descending feet.

Two fair young girls, in white robes and with yellow curls dropping down their necks, waited to go in. It was not the custom of that time to wear a robe especially adapted to the ceremony, and something nearly allied to the terrible joined itself to the solemn, as the loose tresses were wound beneath the cambric kerchief that bound their heads, and the flowing of their draperies confined by the tying of a cincture below the knees. Their faces were very pale, but serene with the calmness of settled conviction, as side by side they divided the baptismal waves.

Afterward another in the fullness and beauty of manhood went down alone. He was a stranger in a strange land, and as he took upon his forehead the crown of consecrating waters, no father nor sister gave him the benediction of their love. I caught the name distinctly as it was pronounced in the formula—Abelard Gilbraith—and laid it away in my bosom, where it has been these many

years, and often, in imagination, my thoughts have been wanderers in search of him.

The minister who performed the rite—Mr. L.—seemed to me then an old man. He could not have been so, however. His hair was iron-gray—thick and closely cut; his eyes deep blue, and of a most spiritual expression. In person he was short and stoutly built; his face and hands bronzed with constant exposure; for he was one of those Johns who still go crying through the wilderness of the west, preaching and baptizing as the Spirit gives them power. The impressions of that day were never forgotten.

But to return to my first recital of a recent Sabbath day's journey into the country.

The house in its finishing and furnishing was not dissimilar to the one already described. There was an adjoining wood the same, but the graveyard, that lay under its shadow was in much better repair than that of childish memory; and instead of red running briars, and tall blue thistles, and leaning and broken palings, and long matted grass, and ugly heaps of earth, there were plenty of roses and cedars, the turf was thick and velvety in the spaces between the graves, some of which were inclosed with neat white railings.

"Who preaches here to-day?" I said to a little farmer-boy who was entering the gate, as we drew up beneath the boughs of an oak for the music of the hymn. "Mr. L.," was the reply; and with the name came rushing a thousand memories of long ago.

We joined the people who were entering, slow and calm, and found ourselves presently in the midst of a congregation as rural as though the fashion and gayety of the great city by which it is neighbored were a thousand miles away.

Almost at once my eyes rested on the clergyman, Mr. L. He was seated on a bench at the foot of the pulpit, and singing aloud that "old song, the precious music of the heart," which I before noted. He seemed scarcely to have grown a day older; his hair was no whiter, and his natural faculties had certainly not abated in the least. Since I saw him last I had seen many more cultivated men, and listened to many eloquent sermons, but none of them, while they filled the deep arching of gorgeous temples or fell upon the stony ground of worldly hearts, contained more real power than the rude fashioning and simple pathos of this unlettered man. There sat the schoolmaster, as I guessed him to be, on a bench a little elevated above the rest, with note-book and tuning-fork before him, with large, white, freckled hands, made to *set copies*, and a very extravagant breadth of shirt-collar; and beside him two elderly maidens in slate-colored bonnets and white shawls, while a little lower, but in close proximity, sat a row of rustic youths and girls—all of whom formed the choir.

On one side of the pulpit sat a group of old men, whose Sabbaths were sweet episodes in the days of contented toil; and on the other gathered

the mothers and grandmothers, their little-specked chintzes and close-fitting bombazine bonnets contrasting soberly with the bright artificial flowers and high-colored dresses of the young ladies who nodded and smiled across the church, as they arranged ribbons, gloves, etc., or "hunted the hymn."

Rows of little schoolboys sat near the doors, looking like miniature men in their dress coats and fur hats; while now and then a young baby cried, or a little prattler ran up and down the aisle, eating ginger-cake.

At the conclusion of the service the preacher gave notice that there would be meeting at the widow D.'s, on the cross roads, three o'clock in the afternoon, Providence permitting. And then came a general shaking of hands, congratulations, and inquiries. The old ladies, in turn, removed the pocket handkerchief from the baby's face, and kissed it, debating earnestly whether it looked most like father or mother—whether its eyes would be blue and its nose pug, or the contrary; while the young ladies entered into playful disputations as to who had done the last visiting, each declaring in the kindest manner that she had made the last visit, and that she would never go again as long as she lived till her friend came to her house. The young men slapped each other with their riding-whips by way of salutation, and mounted their horses reluctantly, for the young ladies could not or would not see them. And while all this was doing, I took occasion to "visit the vaults and walk among the tombs." Parting the roses from the head-stone of a grave almost flattened with the earth around, I read, "Abelard Gilbraith. Died 1840, aged 27 years."

"Like pilgrims on the hills of life,
We cross each other, and are gone."

LORD ROBERTSON'S ESTIMATE OF POETRY.

POETRY is the lover's talisman—the warrior's watchword—the hero's reward. It is the solace of the humble—"the balm of hurt minds." It is the scholar's pastime. It offers to the recluse his breviary—to piety her hymn. So sacred and universal is its sway that science and statecraft welcome it to their courts; history proudly borrows its legends, and even the dreary routine of barter may not forswear its influence. It is the friend of the philosopher—the comrade of the enthusiast. The cradle and the altar, the temple and the mausoleum, are its dwelling-places. The toil-tossed city owns its presence. It peoples with its varied memories the desolation of the wilderness. It echoes among the mountains—whispers among the woods. It speaks in the tempest. It revels among the flowers, or lingers with the beams of the rainbow. It gilds the meridian sun, counts the fires of heaven, and greets the crescent moon. It is the record of the past—the day-star of the present—the prophet of futurity.

NIAGARA FROM THE AMERICAN SHORE.

BY S. A. LATTIMORE.

A MONTH ago, gentle reader, we took our leave of you at TABLE ROCK on the Canadian shore. For a week we had dwelt on British soil, and the conspicuous V. R. over every governmental threshold had constantly reminded us that Victoria was our Queen. Our very feet seemed to feel conscious that they trod foreign ground, and became impatient to press their native earth once more. Much as John Bull sees of American society, and often as he looks across the water to the hills and plains of America forever in his view, he retains his distinctive peculiarities as a Briton with a wonderful pertinacity. However easily his national characteristics may yield to the influence of Brother Jonathan when once removed from his native soil, yet, like Antæus contending with Hercules, so long as he stands on his mother earth he is invincible. The men, the manners, and the improvements on the Canadian side are as essentially English as if the Atlantic, instead of the Niagara, rolled between them and the American shore.

Two modes of crossing the river are provided to gratify the taste or feelings of the traveling public—the Suspension Bridge, a mile and a half below the Falls, for ladies and gentlemen of delicate nerves, and a skiff that plies immediately at the foot of the Falls for those who are not affected with literal hydrophobia. For the sake of the view it promised we chose the latter.

Near the Clifton House a carriage way, cut in the solid rock, winds down the precipice to the water's edge. Prudent people generally prefer to walk down this mountain-like path, while only their trunks ride in the crazy old omnibus. At the bottom of the cliff we found the boat in waiting for us, drawn far out on the craggy rocks to avoid the fitful and angry surf that lashes the shore. As soon as we were properly seated, and our baggage so arranged as to put the boat in trim, our ferryman, applying his powerful shoulder to the bow, heaved us from off our mooring. As he sprang to his seat a receding wave carried us far out upon the seething waters, as lightly as the wind wafts a feather. Our boat was stanch and buoyant, yet frail enough did it seem to us as we thought of the two hundred feet of turbulent water beneath us. A single pair of lithe ashen oars, worked by a pair of muscular arms, was all our security. Although our Charon pulled vigorously at the bending oars, his efforts seemed almost wholly in vain. Over that watery chaos of confused and tangled currents we were borne seemingly by chance—now standing quite still, then carried sideways, again swinging round in the vortex of some momentary whirlpool, and then gracefully mounting over a foam-crested wave. Thus we floated on like a few insects clinging to a fallen leaf, almost lost amid the foam and waves.

Once out into the gulf, all eyes, heedless of the perils that apparently threatened us, were intently turned to the grand panorama of the Falls that swept round from the right half encircling us. The Crescent Fall, Iris Island, the Cascade, Luna Island, the American Fall, the towering high and the downward, arrowy rush of the gleaming waters, the thundering roar, the masses of drifting spray, the mighty, tumultuous flood on whose heaving bosom we were tossed, the lofty perpendicular cliffs before and behind us, their edges fringed with overhanging trees and shrubs, and the clear blue sky over all, formed an assemblage of sublimities in whose presence the soul is utterly overwhelmed. Sometimes a gust of wind would rend a chasm through the dense bank of mist, revealing many a fairy alcove and hall where Neptune and Triton might be proud to dwell; and anon a counter current would involve us in a vapory cloud, such as that with which Venus veiled her beloved Æneas and Achates entering the gates of Carthage. When half way across, the current bore us up near the foot of the American Fall. Louder and louder grew the thrilling rush of waters; denser and darker grew the humid mantle that enfolded us. Then the oars dipped oftener, and at each pull our powerful boatman put forth his utmost strength. A few minutes carried us beyond the current, and we glided in safety to the landing at the foot of the Stairway on the American shore.

The first object we met was a proof of the superiority of American energy and enterprise. On the other side we had been left to scramble up and down the precipitous bank as best we could; here we had a broad and commodious covered stairway leading from the landing to the top of the bank, or we might take a seat in a small car, and be drawn up the inclined plane with perfect ease and safety in a few moments. An open space in front of the Ferry House, called Prospect Point, commands a beautiful view of the American Fall, of Iris Island, of the Gulf, and of a part of the Crescent Fall in the distance. This seems to be a favorite spot with artists. On any fair day you may find a host of them, with pencil, and portfolio, and camera-box, taking sketches and daguerreotypes of Niagara for after use and enjoyment. But the most impressive features of the scene defy all the capabilities of art. Neither painted canvas nor daguerreian tablet can ever display the striking contrasts of Niagara which most affect the beholder. No art is adequate to the representation of the downward, impetuous plunge of the flood, or of the graceful, free-swaying motion of the snow-white spray into which it descends. The dark, motionless ledges of massive rocks may be faithfully delineated by the painter; but a conception of the thunder with which they seem vocal, as they chant evermore their deep-toned bass in the harmony of the spheres, can be carried away only in the memory of the beholder.

While the points of view on the Canadian side

are comparatively few, and possess but little variety, the numerous islands, which are accessible only from the American shore, present to the rampler at every step some new phase of scenery, or some novel and unexpected object of interest.

A short distance above the American Fall, an open wooden bridge, elevated but a few feet above the water, forms a safe passage from the shore to Bath Island. Under this bridge the water rushes with a rapidity that is truly terrific. The island at the extremity of the bridge contains but a few acres, and is occupied by the toll-house, a bath-house, and a large paper-mill, which, with its utilitarian clank of machinery, is a grievous offense in the eyes and ears of all lovers of the natural and the beautiful. A narrow bridge connects Bath Island with a smaller one above it, which is romantically called Lover's Island. This is a charming retreat, densely embowered with evergreens, whose drooping boughs dip into the swift-gliding current all along the margin of the island. A rustic seat in that somber shade, a few moss-grown rocks, the delicious breeze from the water, and the deep monotone of the Cataract, are almost irresistibly inviting to a feeling of dreamy reverie. It is a spot in which we remember the absent, the loved, and the lost.

Another bridge conducted us from Bath Island to Iris Island, which is the largest island in the neighborhood, being about half a mile long and a fourth of a mile wide, and containing an area of seventy-five acres. It is covered with a luxuriant growth of native forest-trees, affording delightfully shaded walks and carriage-ways. As we proceeded down the path toward the foot of the island louder and louder grew the din of the Cataract, although the thick foliage completely shut out the view. In a few moments we were leaning over the old beechen tree, which so considerably bends itself into a living, growing balustrade on the very brink of the precipice. Here we had the Gulf fully before and below us. On either hand was a thundering cataract, and in front of us was a yawning chasm, down which we saw the torrent tossing and foaming for miles. The American Fall is divided by a small island called Luna Island, which is reached from Iris Island by a short bridge. Between these two islands is the Cascade, or Central Fall, as it is sometimes termed. This is a beautiful sheet of water, and would be a wonder in itself if it were any where else than between such celebrities as the American and the Crescent Falls. Luna Island, with its miniature forest of dwarfish cedar and arbor-vita, bathed in perpetual dew, is indeed a pleasant place to spend an hour at sunset.

About half way across the foot of Iris Island a spiral stairway descends a hundred and thirty feet, to the debris accumulated at the base of the precipice. A path to the right leads to the Cave of the Winds, which is immediately behind the Cascade. A path to the left leads along the base of the overhanging cliff to the edge of the Crescent Fall, where

a favorable view may be obtained. Detached fragments of rock frequently falling from above render a walk here somewhat perilous. Persons have been killed thus. The mass of broken rock which has been collecting for years at the foot of the stairway offers an interesting field to the geologist. Many beautiful specimens may be gathered there, at the cost, perhaps, of a good sprinkling from the spray, or, it may be, a sound drenching from some unexpected wave that breaks madly over the rock on which he stands.

On the southern side of Iris Island a bridge three hundred feet in length leads to the Stone Tower, which stands only a few feet from the verge of the Cataract. This Tower is forty-five feet high, and is ascended on the inside by spiral steps. At the top is an open gallery, surrounded by an iron balustrade. From this position may be obtained a more comprehensive view than from any other single point. Beneath is the Gulf; behind are the Rapids; on the right is the island, the Cascade, and the American Fall; and on the left is the Great Crescent Fall—all in full view. Standing on that trembling tower, and looking down upon the green flood as it rolled over the brink of the precipice, and descended in sheets of glittering foam, the brain grew dizzy, and an involuntary sensation of horror seized us, as if we had suddenly been plunged into the vortex of the Maelstrom. Then a drift of blinding spray would compel us to take refuge for a moment in the little cell at the top of the Tower, giving us a sufficient time to recover our proper equilibrium of nerve. Toward midday there may be seen in the misty gulf below a maze of floating rainbows, from the smallest segment to the perfect circle, appearing, blending, and vanishing, and forming thus a grand and ever-changing natural kaleidoscope. Far down the chasm the eye can just discern the Wire Suspension Bridge extending its flimsy tissue of metallic threads from cliff to cliff, seemingly as frail as the web of gossamer that floats across the garden walk. Yet it is hard to glorify a triumph of human genius with Niagara roaring at one's feet.

Often did we come, and long did we linger to gaze on the sublime scene from the top of the Stone Tower. Each day we returned with renewed interest, and descended its steps for the last time with a feeling nearly akin to sadness.

On leaving the Tower, a beautiful walk, following round the shore of the island, invited us to prolong our homeward ramble when the day was ended. Fanciful summer-houses and rude benches are placed at convenient intervals along the path, for which one feels truly grateful after his first day's visit to Niagara. The Grand Rapids are seen to best advantage in a stroll along this path. The water dashes along with incredible velocity, descending at the rate of seventy-five feet in a mile. Over the ledges and fragments of rocks it breaks with tremendous violence, tossing huge masses of foam many feet in the air. Half way toward the

upper extremity of the island are the Moss Islands—a cluster, each of which is a gem in itself. Beautifully does the deep shade of the overhanging trees contrast with the labyrinth of bright water that lovingly encircles them, lingering a moment ere it hurries onward.

"The silvery waters scarcely seem to stray,
And yet they glide like happiness away."

On the opposite side of the island the road passes near the ruins of the cottage where lived the Hermit of Niagara. His solitary life, his singular fascination with the place, and his tragic fate are all woven into a legend, with which every one who visits the Cataract will be made acquainted.

Although weary and exhausted at the close of the day, we always turned reluctantly to leave the islands of Niagara. Often did we return in the evening to enjoy the scene by moonlight, when the indistinct blendings of the mellow light and shade produce that dreamy obscurity in which the imagination best loves to revel. Till a late hour of the night did we look out from the lofty windows of the Cataract House upon the gleaming waters, whose deep monotone at last lulled us to repose.

In fairy-like appearance the moonlit view is said to be eclipsed only by the winter scenery of the Falls. Then the rocks are incrustured with transparent ice, and the freezing mist settles like an enamel of radiant diamonds on trunk, and branch, and leaf over all the forest. Then the scene is said less to resemble earth than some

"Fairy palace, that outlasts the night,
And fades not in the glory of the sun;
Where crystal columns send forth slender shafts,
And crossing arches and fantastic aisles
Wind from the sight in brightness, and are lost
Among the crowded pillars."

EXAGGERATION.

If there is any mannerism that is universal among mankind, it is that of coloring too highly the things we describe. We can not be content with a simple relation of truth; we must exaggerate; we must have "a little too much red in the brush." Who ever heard of a dark night that was not "pitch dark," of a strong man that was not "as strong as a horse," or of a miry road that was not several feet deep? We "would walk fifty miles on foot" to see the man who never caricatures any subject on which he speaks. But where is such a man to be found? "From rosy morn to dewy eve," in our conversation we are constantly outraging truth. If somewhat wakeful in the night, "we scarcely had a wink of sleep;" if our sleeves get a little damp in a shower, we are "as wet as if dragged through a brook;" if a breeze blows up while we are "in the chops of the channel," the waves are sure to "run mountain high;" and if a man grows rich, we all say he "rolls in money;" or if we suffer the slightest pang, we say we suffer more than the pangs of death.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF HEAVEN.

BY REV. H. B. BRIGGS.

"WHAT is the most attractive feature of heaven?" was the inquiry once started in a social circle. One of the company, every fiber of whose soul was tremulous with sacred song, exclaimed, with animated voice and gesture, "The principal attraction of heaven! It will be its *grand choir*, composed not only of the hundred and forty and four thousand, but the redeemed of all countries and ages, singing the *new song*, and pouring out such a tide of glorious harmony as to fill all heaven, and melt and subdue all hearts."

"Heaven *teems* with lovely features to me," meekly replied one formed for tender friendships, and who had followed several loved ones to the grave; "but the chief attraction is the prospect it furnishes of reunion with my dear friends from whom I have been separated, and who before me have entered upon its enjoyment."

"Heaven responds to my heart's desire," exclaimed one who loved to sit at the feet of Jesus, and whose heart was a complete flame of Christian love—"heaven responds to my heart's desire just in proportion as it brings me nearer to the side of my blessed Savior, and furnishes more intimate communion with him."

Among the company was a feeble itinerant, with a sickly body and daily sufferings, and whose physical infirmities reminded him that his frail tabernacle would soon be down. And, indeed, he very soon passed away in Christian triumph, to enjoy the attractions of heaven. He listened attentively to those around him, and then said that "his severe and protracted sufferings had endeared heaven to him as a place of *rest*."

Thus it will be seen that of a number of persons who ardently long for heaven, each one will differ in opinion as to what constitutes its principal attraction. This may be owing to a considerable extent to different circumstances, temperaments, degrees of piety, and knowledge.

But it is a pleasing thought, that however various the favorite views of heaven entertained by the truly pious, it will be found to give ample scope for the gratification of every desire and variety of taste. If you wish to study the *mysteries of redemption* when you arrive at heaven, you can employ your enlarged knowledge in the study of that wondrous plan which has transformed so many sinful rebels into burning seraphs. If you wish to look into the *intricacies of the divine government*, and see how every affliction and trial have been taken up, woven into the divine plan, and made to subserve your spiritual interests, the book of providence will be open, and you will find that its lucid pages will amply "justify the ways of God to man." If you love singing and praise, you will find an unnumbered host whose hearts and tongues, attuned to the songs of seraphs, will pour forth anthems of praises,

whose melody and sweetness will steal your heart and cause a blissful forgetfulness of aught beside. If you love to survey the works of God and gaze upon the beautiful and sublime, go and look upon the temple of God, and mark its beauties and survey its fair proportions; and when your eyes have feasted upon the sight, go and traverse the city of our God, whose walls are precious stone, whose gates are set with pearl, whose streets are paved with gold, whose light is the glory of God. When you are satiate with these beauties, then go and wander along the banks of the river of life, mark the sweet flow of its crystal waters, and pluck the fragrant flowers that rejoice upon its banks; then lift your eyes to the tree of life, whose fruit is monthly and whose foliage is so beautiful; then lift your eyes still higher to the glorious heavens above, whose beautiful concave shall never be darkened with angry storms, but where fleecy clouds catch the reflections of divine glory and float in every imaginable form of beauty. If you wish to study the *triumphs of divine grace*, go among that heavenly host, and learn how many drunkards have taken the cup of salvation; how many murderers have been purged from their foul stains by the blood of the crucified; how many swearers have learned to call Jesus Lord, by the Holy Ghost; how many Sabbath-breakers have entered on an eternal Sabbath of rest; how many liars have learned the truth, and by it been made free; how many beggars wear a crown, and many poor have "an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." If you love to dwell in the immediate presence of the blessed Savior, go and bask in his transcendent glory, and gaze upon his glorified humanity and matchless beauty, and, as he smiles upon you, the raptures of your soul will be past utterance, and you will feel that *everywhere there are attractions in heaven*.

WEST'S CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.

THE Quakers of Philadelphia requested West to aid them in erecting a hospital for the sick of his native town: he told them his circumstances scarcely admitted of his being generous, but he would aid them after his own way, and paint them a picture, if they would provide a place to receive it in their new building. They were pleased with this, and Christ healing the Sick was painted for Philadelphia.

When exhibited in London, the rush to see it was very great; the praise it obtained was high, and the British Institution offered him three thousand guineas for the work. West accepted the offer, for he was poor, but he was to be allowed to make a copy, with alterations, for his native place. He did so; and when the copy went to America, the profits arising from its exhibition enabled the committee of the hospital to enlarge the building and receive more patients.

LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

TAKEN OUT OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

BY FLEMING.

CHAPTER XII.

First Methodist in Chillicothe—Rev. H. Smith visits it in 1799—He forms Scioto circuit—Extracts from his journal—His notice of Dr. Tiffin and wife—Forms the first Methodist society in Chillicothe—First quarterly meeting held there—Bishop Asbury's visit to it in 1803—His visit in 1805—W.'s notice of the society in 1807—His first class meeting there—His great desire to see the Governor—A mistake—Extract from Bishop Asbury's journal—First sight of the Bishop—Description of his person—His preaching—Anecdote of him and Rev. Dr. King.

As promised in our last chapter, we come now to say something of the Methodist society in Chillicothe, as it was in 1807, when W. removed to that town. But before we proceed farther, it will be proper, in the first place, to give some account of the origin of Methodism in that place, and to trace its progress down to the time we speak of.

Who the first Methodists were, who settled in Chillicothe, we have now no certain knowledge; but believe that Doctor Edward Tiffin and Everard Harr, both local preachers in the Church, and their wives, were among the earliest. Dr. Tiffin, we learn, settled there in 1796, soon after the town was laid out. Whether any Methodist traveling minister visited and preached there prior to 1799, we are not informed. In the autumn of that year the Rev. Henry Smith, of the Baltimore conference, was instructed by his presiding elder, the Rev. Francis Poythress, of the Kentucky district, to "go up to the Scioto and form a circuit there." In October Mr. Smith reached his new field of labor, and, after exploring it, he formed a three weeks' circuit. This was the Scioto circuit, embracing Chillicothe as one of its appointments, and comprehending the whole valley of the Scioto and its tributary streams. The following extract from Mr. Smith's "Recollections and Reflections of an Old Itinerant," will throw some light on this part of our narrative. We copy from page 326-328:

"Sunday, October 13, 1799, I preached—at Anthony Davenport's, on Deer creek, twelve miles north of Chillicothe—on Acts xvi, 9, and the good Spirit of the Lord attended the word, and many wept, some for joy and others for sorrow, while all were deeply attentive. Here Dr. Tiffin had organized a society, and had his regular appointments. I met the class, and the Lord was present, in love and power, to refresh his dear children. * *

"Monday, the 14th, I rode down the river to Chillicothe and put up with Dr. Tiffin, with whom I had been long acquainted [in Virginia.] The Doctor had often preached in our neighborhood, and sometimes at my father's. He and his excellent wife received me as a messenger of Christ, and treated me with great kindness. Sister Tiffin was one of the most conscientious and heavenly minded women I ever saw. She was a mother in our Israel indeed. About that time a report was put in circulation that the Doctor had given up his religion; he

laughed at it and said, 'It would not do for me to backslide, for my wife would let me have no peace.' The Doctor, however, refused to take any part in religious exercises in Chillicothe out of his own family: he had his reasons for it.

"Tuesday evening, October 15, 1799, I preached my first sermon in Chillicothe—I think in a school-house—to quite a respectable congregation. It was thought, by some, that half the congregation had never heard a Methodist preacher before; but I never saw a people more orderly and attentive, except one poor drunkard, who came in drunk, and made a little disturbance; but the people were so anxious to hear that they paid very little attention to him. I have reason to believe the Lord was with me, and assisted me in this first effort. From that time I preached in the town once in three weeks, when I could get a place to preach in, and, generally, in a school-house. There was a log-house, called the Presbyterian meeting-house, but I had no access to it. The morals of the people were such as is common in newly settled countries, and religion was despised, particularly Methodism. We had, however, a few faithful souls, who held fast their integrity and adorned their profession.

"Sunday, July 7, 1800, I preached to a large and serious congregation at Davenport's, on Deer creek, at eleven o'clock, and rode twelve miles to Chillicothe, and preached again under the trees, it being a pleasant evening. *There and then I organized the first Methodist society in Chillicothe.* All those who had been members in other places, and brought their certificates with them, did not come forward. I visited several families the next day, and got a few more to join, so that we had *eighteen* to begin with. I wish I could give their names. Doctor Tiffin retained his membership at Davenport's.

"The following March we wished to hold our quarterly meeting in Chillicothe, but we had no house to hold it in. One of the brethren spoke to a Presbyterian elder for the use of their house. He spoke to his pastor, who sent us word that he had no objection. [This was probably the Rev. Robert G. Wilson, D. D., who died there some two years since.] So we published our meeting to begin on the 28th of March, 1801. I rode all the way to Kentucky to prevail on the Rev. William Burke to attend our quarterly meeting. On the 25th we crossed the Ohio river, and I first introduced him into the north-western territory. On Saturday, the 28th, brother Burke preached his first sermon in Chillicothe, from Hebrews xi, 1. On Sunday morning, the 29th, we had a most precious sacrament; the Lord greatly blessed his poor despised disciples. We had a large and interesting congregation, to whom the servant of the Lord preached with power from on high, and the people were not only attentive, but considerably moved under the word. Never did our brother pay a more seasonable and acceptable visit to any people. Perhaps there is no one living that knows more about the difficulties that Methodism had to contend with at

its first introduction into Chillicothe than I do. True, there was not much done during my stay there. But one thing I know, we did not give up the ship, though we had to contend hard with adverse storms."

Mr. Smith remained on the Scioto circuit till the autumn of 1802; but he makes no farther mention of the society in Chillicothe. Bishop Asbury visited the place the following year, and writes thus in his journal—vol. iii, page 116:

"Saturday, September 24, 1803, I rode to Chillicothe [from White Brown's, on Deer creek,] fifteen miles, through lands generally rich. We passed some of those mounds and intrenchments which still astonish all who visit this country, and give rise to many conjectures respecting their origin: 'shadows, clouds, and darkness rest,' and will rest 'upon them.' In the state-house, which also answers for a court-house, [court-house used also for a state-house?] I preached to about five hundred hearers, and would have had more had not the rain prevented. Chillicothe stands upon the point of confluence of the Scioto river and Paint creek. [This is not strictly correct, as the confluence of those streams is about four miles below the town, with several thousand acres of land intervening.] On Monday we came away from Governor Edward Tiffin's across the fat lands of the Paint creek."

Bishop Asbury visited Chillicothe again in 1805, where he arrived on Wednesday, September 4th, and remained till the Saturday following at Governor Tiffin's, where, he says—journal, vol. iii, p. 177—"I was happily employed in reading the Portrait of St. Paul by divine Fletcher. I preached at Chillicothe—we have excessive heat. My mind is in great peace."

This brings us to the period mentioned in the first paragraph of this chapter—May, 1807—from which time till 1829, the history of Methodism in Chillicothe is within the personal knowledge of W., in whose autobiography frequent, and often extended notices thereof are recorded. From these we shall hereafter draw such material as occasion may seem to call for.

The Methodist society in Chillicothe, in 1807, numbered about seventy members. They were mostly Virginians, from the Shenandoah valley, and the remainder from Pennsylvania and Maryland. The society was embraced in the Scioto circuit—Anthony Houston and J. Milton Ladd preachers for that year. This circuit covered the entire valley of the Scioto, and had then a membership of six hundred and seventy. The whole state then contained but seven circuits, fifteen preachers, and about four thousand members. Forty-five years have elapsed since that period, and these seven circuits have grown into three entire and strong conferences, and large portions of two others, with six hundred traveling preachers, and a membership of one hundred and twenty-five thousand! "So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed."

On the first Sabbath morning after his arrival in

town, W. repaired, at nine o'clock, to class meeting, with his certificate of membership. The class—which, we think, then embraced all the male members—met in the lower room of the "old barracks," north-west corner of Walnut and Second streets, which room the society used also as a place of public worship. W., who had been brought up in obscurity, and had never seen any thing of the *beau monde*, had a great curiosity to see a governor of a sovereign state; and somehow had imbibed great veneration for the office, so as to almost imagine that the person of the chief magistrate would be invested with some sort of visible distinction or dignity, or some regal, official insignia, by which he could be readily singled out. He had been accustomed to see Methodism despised, ridiculed, and persecuted. And he thought it a strange thing that a member of that "sect, every-where spoken against," should be chosen for governor of a large and flourishing state; and still stranger that the governor should be a Methodist preacher! He had often heard of Governor Tiffin; and although he had never seen him, he loved and respected him because he was a Methodist, and, moreover, a Methodist preacher. Learning that the Governor was punctual in attending his class, W. was much pleased with the expectation of seeing him there. Soon after he entered the class-room, a small, plain-looking man, with a very bald head, a round face and expressive countenance, but nothing else in his person that would attract notice, commenced the exercises with singing and prayer, and then spoke to the class, which he did with much warmth and animation. During the progress of the meeting, the green young brother from the Kanawha had, "with sharpened, sly inspection," scanned the little company of brethren present, to see if he could single out from among them the distinguished brother who was "governor of the state of Ohio, and commander-in-chief of the military and naval forces thereof." But this he found no easy task. He looked in vain for the "visible distinction" or "regal insignia" of office, and had well-nigh come to the conclusion that "his excellency" would have to be marked on the class-book "absent." But after carefully considering the claims of the very few whose personal bearing and appearance seemed to be at all entitled to consideration, he finally settled down upon a stout, muscular, and rather consequential-looking gentleman who sat near the stand used for a pulpit, whose large, bald head, florid complexion, and somewhat stern countenance—as of one "born to command"—seemed to give him prominence above his fellows. This, thought W., must surely be the Governor. But to resolve the doubt, when the meeting was closed, he asked a brother who sat at his elbow:

"Is Governor Tiffin present, brother?"

"Yes," replied he.

"Will you please point him out to me?" said W.

"Why," responded the brother, "that little man who led the class is Governor Tiffin."

"Indeed!" exclaimed W., "I had mistaken that brother who sat next the stand for him."

"That," replied the other, with an arch smile at the blunder of the young stranger, "that is—*Scott, the tailor!*" [That was the cognomen by which our worthy brother Scott was commonly known, to distinguish him from others of the same name.]

Little did W. think that the "little man who led the class" that morning, should become his most intimate and ardent friend and benefactor; and that the young Kanawha brother should, in after years, become his class-leader!

We recur again to Bishop Asbury's journal, and copy the following passage from vol. iii, page 233:

"Friday, September 4, 1807. We came away to Chillicothe: O, the mud and the trees in the path! [Occasioned by 'an awful storm of thunder, hail, and rain,' which the Bishop narrowly escaped being caught in the evening before.] Reading closely on Saturday. In our neat, new house I preached on the Sabbath morning to about five hundred hearers, on 1 Peter iv, 17, 18. I spoke about an hour. There are some pleasing and some unpleasing accounts here—some little trouble in the society; but great prospects all around in the country. The sitting of conference will be of God for good to souls: we have been praying the whole year for this. * * * * *

"Monday and Tuesday, closely reading. On Wednesday we rode to Deer creek. [Probably at White Brown's, his old friend.] Thursday, Friday, and Saturday selecting hymns and reading Marshall's *Life of Washington*, nearly three thousand pages in four volumes: only as a *life of Washington* can I give it the preference to Gordon's *History of the Revolutionary War*. Sabbath 13. At the Deer creek camp-ground I gave them a discourse on 2 Cor. vi, 1. In the evening we returned to Chillicothe.

"On Monday, [September 14,] we opened our conference in great peace and love, and continued sitting, day by day, till Friday noon. A delegation of seven members was chosen to the General conference. There were thirteen preachers added, and we found an addition of two thousand to the society in these bounds; seven deacons were elected and ordained, and ten elders: two preachers only located; sixty-six preachers were stationed."

The conference here spoken of by the Bishop, is that to which allusion was made in our last chapter; and "our neat, new house," in which he preached, was the little chapel therein described, and just then finished.

This was the first time W. had ever seen a Methodist bishop. He had, many years before, read that portion of Bishop Asbury's *Journal* then published, and had heard much of him, and entertained great veneration for his person, his character, and office. When he first saw the good Bishop, he gazed upon him with feelings of profound reverence and respect. His person was tall and slender; his arms long; his face thin and care-worn, with

strongly marked features and wrinkled brow; light blue eyes, which usually seemed about half closed; his complexion pale, indicating infirm health; his countenance grave, solemn, pensive, and deeply thoughtful, but not remarkably expressive; his thin gray locks hung with graceful curl around his collar. His dress was plain and simple, yet very neat: a straight-breasted coat of black cloth, with single collar, and a long vest and small clothes of the same material, with black stockings and shoes, and a drab hat with low, square crown and broad brim, very much like one of his old worn-out hats which is now in the museum of the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware. His step, when he walked, had lost the elasticity of youth, and indicated feebleness, and was supported by a long cane. His whole appearance was unique—dignified, venerable, apostolic. His voice, in the pulpit, was masculine, full, and strong, and he spoke "with all authority." In his sermons he was methodical, presenting every point with great clearness, and his applications were remarkably pointed, awakening, and soul-stirring. He was not eloquent, in the ordinary sense of the term; but he possessed all the important elements constituting an able minister of Christ—"a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," and giving to all their "portion of meat in due season."

But it was not our intention—nor would our limits permit us—to portray the character of this distinguished man of God. That will doubtless be done fully by his biographer, if he should ever have one. But we must ask the reader's indulgence while we relate an anecdote of the good Bishop, which just now occurs to us. It was related to us about fifty years ago by the brother of the young preacher mentioned in it, and may not be known to his biographers.

In the spring of 1802, we think, the Bishop and some eight or ten traveling preachers, on their way to the Baltimore conference, stopped for the night in Shippensburg, Penn. While there, he received a visit from the Rev. Dr. King, a distinguished divine in another branch of the Christian Church, and pastor of the Big Spring congregation in the neighborhood of that town. The Bishop, who was busily engaged in writing when Dr. King was introduced, arose and received him very courteously and seated him. The Doctor immediately, and somewhat abruptly, commenced an attack upon the Bishop and the Methodist preachers generally, for holding and disseminating false and unscriptural doctrines, as he alleged. The Bishop heard him for a few minutes without making any reply, and finding that the object of his visit was controversy, he excused himself to the Rev. Doctor for not engaging in a discussion, as he was then pressed for time, and begged to refer him to one of the preachers present—who were all then in the room—and turning to the youngest one among them, he said to him: "Brother Askins, will you please to hear

what brother King has to say, and attend to him?" and then resumed his writing.

The Rev. George Askins was a small, spare man, of delicate appearance, with one leg about six inches shorter than the other, occasioned by white swelling in his early boyhood. He was aged about twenty years, and possessed intellectual powers, a keen and penetrating mind, and a maturity of judgment rarely met with in one of his years. He was well "posted up" on all the subjects of controversy between Calvinists and Arminians; and in skill and tact in the discussion thereof, either in the pulpit or in debate, he had few equals.

On being turned over to Mr. Askins, Dr. King looked round toward him, and seeing his youthful and crippled appearance, and feeling, perhaps, a little indignant at what he considered an intentional disrespect, abruptly and sneeringly said to Mr. Askins:

"And pray, sir, where did *you* study divinity?"

"In the school of Christ, sir," replied Mr. A.

"And do you presume," said the Doctor, turning again to the Bishop, "to set up decrepit boys to teach divinity to the people?"

"Examine him, Doctor," quickly replied one of the preachers present; "although not 'of age,' 'he can speak for himself.'"

The Doctor half arose from his chair, apparently with the attention to retire; but seemed to take a second thought, and concluded, before he retired, just to demolish the young theologian, by way of punishment for the seeming disrespect shown him. He then, with magisterial air, propounded to him some interrogatories on polemic divinity, which he doubted not would at once entangle and confound the young tyro. These Mr. Askins promptly and ably replied to; and then in turn catechised the learned Doctor, and proposed difficulties in his creed which the Doctor was put to all he knew to answer, and sometimes attempted to evade; but he was followed up so closely and skillfully by his youthful antagonist, that he became somewhat confused, and losing his temper, he arose and was about retiring abruptly, when the Bishop, who had his eye on him, straightening himself up in his seat, said, in a peculiarly soothing tone, "Brother King, let us have a word of prayer together before you go;" and laying down his pen and rising from his seat, he added, in his solemn and impressive manner, "*Let us pray.*" Down they all went on their knees, except the Doctor, who stood with his hand on the door-latch. The good Bishop prayed very feelingly and fervently for "brother King," by name, that God would graciously open his eyes and awaken him to a sense of his need of a Savior, and convert him, and then divinely call and qualify him to "preach the unsearchable riches of Christ" to his congregation; that he might "take heed unto himself, and unto the doctrine," as taught in God's word, and thereby "both save himself and them that hear him," to all which the preachers responded a fervent "amen!" Prayer ended, the

Doctor hastily opened the door, and silently and unceremoniously withdrew.

Since writing the foregoing, we have seen, in the Ladies' Repository, for August, a graphic sketch of the character of Bishop Asbury, by the new editor. But our brief notice of the Bishop does not embrace any thing contained in that article. We may have occasion to introduce that venerable man again to the readers of the Repository in some future chapter. The sketches of some of the early Methodists in Chillicothe are, for want of room, laid over for our next chapter, if we shall even then be able to reach them.

THE BROTHERS.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

WE had no home, we only had

A shelter for our head:

How poor we were, how scantily

We all were clothed and fed!

But though a wretched little child,

I know not why or how,

I did not feel it half so much

As I can feel it now!

When mother sat at night and sewed,

My rest was calm and deep;

I did not know that she was tired,

Or that she needed sleep.

She wrapped the covering round our bed,

In many an ample fold;

She had not half so much herself

To keep her from the cold.

I know it now, I know it all—

They knew it then above—

Her life of patient sacrifice,

And never-tiring love.

I know, for then her tasks seemed done—

We all were grown beside—

How glad she must have been to go

After the baby died!

I do not care to deck me now,

With costly robe or gaud—

My mother dressed so plain at home,

And never went abroad.

I do not ever want a shroud

Of linen, white and pure—

She made our little baby one

That was so coarse and poor.

I had another brother then,

I prayed that God would save;

I knew not that I chose between

The prison and the grave.

I did not know, when o'er the dead

So bitterly I cried,

I'd live to wish a thousand times

The other, too, had died.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

BY REV. S. STEELE.

ONE of the most beautiful and incomparable passages in the history of the divine Redeemer, is recorded in the tenth chapter of the Gospel by St. Mark. It derives its superior claim to merit because of its relation to an interesting portion of society—*infant children*.

The divine conduct here so beautifully portrayed must ever form the true standard of judgment in reference to "these little ones." Indeed, it constitutes the basis of parental hope, when the dreary storms of adversity writhe the tender scion from its paternal stock, and lays its opening petals withering to the ground, never again to glad the vision of those by whom it was beloved.

Obliterate this record from the sacred page, and impenetrable darkness settles down upon the grave of the early dead. No sweet promise, "of such is the kingdom of God," meets the frantic soul of the bereaved parent as inexorable death bears away the sweet babe in its icy arms to the dark domains of irrecoverable captivity; but now "Rama's" wailing "voice" may cease, and "Rachel" wipe the flowing tears from her "weeping" eyes, and no longer refuse to "be comforted." A voice from heaven proclaims, "There angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

With what apparent pleasure does the holy One turn from the learned dignitaries of the renowned Sanhedrim, that press upon him with their wily attacks, to seek society more congenial with his pure spirit in the person of "little children." The vindication of the sacred nature of the marriage relation is worthy of a God, and will ever remain as the divine protest against the doctrine of human divorce for insufficient causes; but with them his work is done, the cause of moral purity is vindicated, a reproof administered, and away he hastens. A little removed from these reputed officials may be seen an interesting group of mothers. The fountains of their affections have been unsealed and flow forth with an abiding maternal tenderness toward their offspring, which they bear in their bosoms.

It is a holy conclave, more sacred than cardinal conventions, though less secluded; perhaps invoked by Divine appointment. No guarded sentinel paces its entrance, or ponderous keys drive the bolt against admission. Its avenues are open wide to the admission of light, and the soft breezes are gently fanning the graceful ringlets which adorn the brow of childhood. With what anxious solicitude do they scrutinize the countenance of the divine Redeemer, as with his chosen companions he directs his footsteps toward their unpretending circle! Will he smile upon our babes as he passes, and leave for them his blessing? Are the unspoken thoughts that beam visible upon their imploring countenances? A moment and the illustrious per-

sonage is in their midst. What pulsations of joy now swell the hearts of the enraptured parents as they press to his sacred arms the affectionate objects of their solicitude and care! A smile, a word would have filled the measure of their anxiety, and been treasured as the richest legacy of their children; but now behold,

"He takes our children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven."

Was there ever a scene in the earthly pilgrimage of the Son of God in which earth bore stronger resemblance to heaven, and in which purer and holier spirits were in communion with his spotless soul? Was it not when the Divine arms encircled "the image of the heavenly," and with the voice and language of unearthly eloquence he spoke of "little children" in heaven?

That a scene of such moral beauty and perfection should have been marred we might deeply deplore, did it not furnish the blessed Jesus an opportunity to vindicate the rights of "little children" by entering his solemn protest against such unauthorized interference. A poignant arrow pierced the bosoms of maternal love as the harsh tones of Christ's disciples interdicted their approach. The countenances which before beamed with unearthly hues, lighted by the Savior's smiles, was now suddenly changed to sadness; yet it was a momentary pang. The precious charge was being reluctantly withdrawn, when an authoritative voice emphatically announced, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."

Did the disciples of our Lord suppose that this familiarity with children was derogatory to the character of the Son of God, and that it would tend to diminish his importance in the estimation of the world? or was it in their view a loss of holy time that should be better employed, when the multitude were pressing upon him for counsel and instruction? Alas, for their conclusion! it is quite too prevalent, the Divine example to the contrary notwithstanding.

How imperfectly did they understand the objects of his divine mission, and the relation that interview with children bore to the present and eternal happiness of a suffering and dying world! The conduct of our Lord's disciples was never as severely castigated as on this occasion, and never was rebuke more timely administered. "He was much displeased." What an embodiment of unlimited disapproval lies couched in this expression! It stands forth a lamentable instance of human weakness, as well as a divine record against the doctrine of good men's infallibility. Could the tears of penitence have effaced this act of rashness, it would doubtless never have been committed to the sacred page; but these avail not; it is a part of their history faithfully delineated, and descends to posterity a divine caution to all who would invade the sacred inclosure of children's rights to the "kingdom of God."

The Ladies' Repository.

SEPTEMBER, 1852.

A FEW WORDS ON GRASS.

OVER the wide world the grass has no limits; it shoots up sharp and wiry on the dark moorland, that the red deer may bound over it without crushing its sprays, and without wakening the echoes with his footfall. It bends in luxuriant masses over the broad stream, and looks down into the pebbly depths, like Narcissus, at his own shadow; it hides away in the silent glens and nooks of the old forests, and waves its silken tassels in the dreamy light, where the flowers hold carnivals of fragrance, and the hollow trees sing the dirges of their youth; it spreads wide sheets of swelling verdure over thousands of miles in the swamps of the west; it shoots up in the sunny climates of the east to the stately height of forty or sixty feet—the bamboo and sugar-cane are both grasses—and putting forth its pensile sword-like leaves with all the grace and majesty of a palm, it flings around a profusion of fruits, and bestows invaluable medicines upon the grateful children of the soil; and wherever it is seen it makes a velvet carpet of emerald beauty—a carpet on which the heavy heart may sometimes tread, but on which joy mostly wanders, and where childhood, with seraph wings, goes bounding in its pride: and from this universality of growth grass derives its specific name.

How joyously the grass springs forth with its cheerful face after the spring or summer shower; how rich and exuberant it looks, and how it starts before all other vegetation in the growing race of spring! When the February winds are piping, and the old woods are shaken to their very hearts, the grass is the only plant which can dare the nipping blast; and the moment the frost breaks, it comes bristling up through the black earth to refresh us with its heavenly promise! Under its protecting roots the seeds of the last year's flowers are being sheltered, and its tufts soon form a canopy for the pale primrose, and the fairy cowlslip, and the violet—

"That morning-star of all the flowers,
The pledge of daylight's lengthening hours,
Which lifts up its dreamy eye of blue
To the younger sky of the self-same hue."

The poets have all chosen it as the broad and universal token of the opening year. Thomson pictures the Spring as tripping over the grassy turf on her mission of fertility and beauty:

"Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot;
Full of fresh verdure, and unnumbered flowers,
The negligence of nature, wide and wild."

Wordsworth is as happy:

"The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated,
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plowboy is whooping—anon, anon:
There's joy in the mountains,
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing—
The rain is over and gone!"

The Ettrick shepherd-boy, how he loved the grassy hills of his native land, and the bonny lark which found shelter amid the tufted sprays! His brother, too—Burns—the undaunted plowman of the north, how has he woven the grassy herbage into his noble songs! Did he shed tears upon the grass when the bitter world mocked him, and stung him to the quick?—the proudest of earth's children have wept upon the turf, and why not he? Homer loved the grass, and Shakspeare none the less. Who can recall to mind the lovely slopes beside the grassy Avon, without thinking of the poet-boy, when he used to lie musing on the green, and holding converse with shapes invisible to mortal eyes—building up his mighty temple of the ideal, weaving the world, and all its joys and sorrows, into one great mesh of magic beauty, with the blue heaven and its sunshine above him, and the green-cushioned grass beneath? The sweetest of his conceits were gathered, like dew-drops, in the green wilderness.

Perhaps there is nothing more lovely in the aspect of the grass, apart from its refreshing verdure and velvety softness, than its appearance at daybreak, when dotted all over with trembling orbs of dew—gems which the Night has let fall from her raven hair, and which the great "eye of the universe" sucks up into his own dazzling region of glory when he wakes and looks down on the world.

These "liquid pearls" upon "the bladed grass" are each little worlds of wonder—globes obedient to the sustaining forces of the universe, and holding within their spheres of rainbow beauty millions of minute creatures, which live out their brief hour of joy and pass upward into higher homes, as the creatures which haunt the cities and forests of the round earth will do when their brief span is finished; for the immortal soul, having fretted out its moments on the grassy world below, will be lifted up into the glory of those dazzling spheres, where the green pastures are watered with silvery singing streams—the pleasant land, where grass waves green in the glory of perpetual summer; where the voice of fame, of mammon, and of scorn is hushed, and where the orbicular songs of seraph souls float in majestic melodies around the throne of the All-Father! It is the story of a dew-drop, a brief life upon the grass, and a passage upward to the skies!

Not the less beautiful is the grass when considered as a garment to hide the rough nakedness of the earth, and veil its rugged face with luster and beauty. No sooner does the black mountain-peak peer up above the ocean's breast, than the grasses hurry there upon the chariot of the wind, and cover it all over with a delicious green. The grim rock that frowns upon the foam is torn asunder by its roots, and its ledges and turrets made lovely by its leaves. The green meadows, swelling like seas of plenty into

waves of verdure, are indebted to it for all their store of green, and for the flowers and feathered flutterers which find a home among its sprays. The old orchards need its velvet mounds and dimpled hollows, in order that the luscious fruits they fling to earth may fall unhurt on its soft pillows; and man, the possessor and monarch of the earth, looks complacently on its merry face, and feels that it links him to his home.

Is it only for its velvet softness, and the round pillow knolls it heaves up in the vistas of the green-wood, that the weary and the dreamer find it so sweet a place of rest? or is it because the wild bee flits around its silvery panicles, and blows his bugle as he goes with a bounding heart to gather sweets; that the hare and the rabbit burrow beneath its smooth sward; that the dear lark cowers amid its sprays, and cherishes the children of his bosom under its brown matted roots; that the daisy, the cowslip, the daffodil, the orchises—these fairies of the flower world, the bird's-foot trefoil—the golden-fingered beauty of the meadows, the little yellow and the large strawberry trefoil, are all sheltered and cherished by it, and that one of its simple children scents the air for miles with the sweetest perfume ever breathed by man!

It is always in rich grassy places that the little springs and water-runnels bubble up into the light, and start off, on their journey of fertility, down in the dark dell of the old wood, where the huge roots of the trees are matted all over with green and golden mosses, which sometimes hang like green beards, and dip into the pebbly waters; where the little squirrel finds a home, and the lizard and the shrew-mice burrow. There it is that, in rich circles of waving grass, the fresh sparkling waters bubble up with a gurgling sound, and go tingling along under the shelving banks, kissing the willows, and chiming their soft songs as they jump over the clumps of timber. The little brooks always make their pathway where the grasses grow, for the little brooks and the grasses love each other, and they creep along together plotting how to bless the world. The harebell and the purple loose-strife, the woodbine and the meadow-sweet, may each peep up here and there, and get refreshing splashes as the waters leap over the stony ledges in their way, but the grass is the streamlet's favorite, and wherever the one is, there is the other to be found. O, what a sweet life hath this grass of ours! his is the true Arcadian transport; the music of the rivulet, the soft bleating of the sheep, the drowsy hum of wild bees, the rich perfume of thymy knolls, and the shadowy beauties of "faerie land."

Then, again, the grass is the play-ground of the dear children, when they make the sky ring with their merry shouts, and bound like fawns upon the mellow turf. Who would not bless the ground whereon the foot of childhood loves to tread, where it loves to gambol and exult in the gushing exuberance of its happy heart? Heaven's smile lie on them! the little angel flutterers, tripping in twos and threes, with their rosy faces and laughing eyes, plucking the daisies which glimmer on the sward, setting no worldly value on their gifts and gatherings, but, like the grass, fresh, fervent, and joyful, and knowing

no other tears but those which vanish with the first ray of sunshine. God's blessing be with the children! and if we would have them supplant the present with a nobler race of men, we must let their hearts expand among the flowers, and their limbs gain strength upon the turf.

If the grass is so beautiful, then, and mingled with so many associations of story and song, why not have it always beside us, and pass our lives among its green? Why pine away in smoky towns in jarring discord, where the heart is bound round with an icy chain of conventionalities, and the soul, stripped of her beauty, is reduced to rags? Let us live beside the grass, under the blue canopy of heaven, where the morning sun may greet us with his fire, and the midnight stars rain down their benedictions of beauty. Let us have the grass for a companion, and the wild bee and butterfly for friends. Let us dwell where the cataract leaps from the rocky height, and the rainbow arch beats down the thunder; in the wide wilderness, where blossoms wave, and leafy trees sing anthems to the moon; on the bleak moor, where the black-cock sails along the heathery steeps; or by the margin of the river, where the otter plunges for his prey, and strange birds anchor themselves beside the islands green; or any where where grass grows and beautifies the earth, for where its leaves rustle there is beauty and solace; where its silken plumes nod in the air, is plenty; and wherever its tender shoots pierce through the clods, there is home, there is society, there is love.

If it be well to live with the grass, then is it well to have it on our graves. It will love to grow there with the golden flowers and the creeping weeds of perfume, making holy the soft mound above us, and beautifying the place of our fragrant rest. It takes something from the sting of death, when the sufferer knows that he will sleep beneath the grass, and the warm sunshine will lie all day upon his grave, and the flowers keep watch when the stars shine. To rot in a black charnel-house, and diffuse poison and pestilence in the corrupted city, is a fearful fate for the body which has been the temple of an immortal soul; but to be pillowed where the grass waves green, and the robin sings the song of summer, has something in it of melancholy sweetness.

Heart! be thou like the grass; welcome man and woman with thy smile: be thou green in winter as in summer; assort thyself with brown bees, and homely things that bless the world, keeping thy blossom by thee to gild the pathway of the future. Thy days are as few as the grass; as the grass that groweth to-day, and to-morrow is cast into the oven. "For euen as the flower of the grasse shall he vanysho awaye. The sunne ryseth wyth heete, and the grasse widereth, and his flower falleth away, and the beautie of the fashion of it perisheth." Heart! be thou like the grass—fragrant, fair, gentle, and fertile in good works; for which God be thanked, for its beauties are beyond description, and its uses beyond enumeration!

FLETCHER, of Madeley, was one of the most conspicuous luminaries of Wesleyan Methodism. As a Christian, he stood in direct line of spiritual descent from St. John. The memory of his apostolic meekness and love is still fresh.

THE NEW SCHOOL FOR WIVES.

Four years and a half since the first Evening School for Women was opened at Birmingham, England. It was planned and opened and has been conducted by ladies, who did not lose time in arguing whether it was a good or a bad thing that women should be employed in manufactures, but offered means of improvement in mind and in ways to such as were so employed. They offered at once to teach reading, writing, and arithmetic; sewing—including the cutting out and mending of clothes; and to give instruction in the contents of the Bible, and of the other great book—the world we live in—as far as means would allow. They hoped, and still hope and intend, to teach the most important of the domestic arts of life—and first, cookery. In time, vocal music, and other softening and sweetening arts, may be attempted. Time will show that. Meanwhile, time has shown that good has been done, which ought to be made known for other reasons than the pleasure of it; that such things may be done elsewhere.

It may not be seen, at a glance, what an undertaking this was. Every body may not know what factory women—some factory women, at least—are. They are women, and not children, in the first place. The class contemplated had grown up in ignorance; they had not lived among home influences, but in the rough independence of factory life. Their prejudices were in proportion to their ignorance; and their pride was in proportion to their ignorance, prejudices, age, habits, and class jealousy, all together. Some who knew of the scheme prophesied that no woman would come: others, that they would be too disreputable to be kept in order, but by policemen: others, again, that it would be impossible to teach them, if they did come, and that there would be an incessant change of scholars. These prophecies were so many warnings to the ladies what to anticipate, and how to act.

The history of the beginning of this enterprise reminds one of the excellent Wilderspin's account of the opening of the first infant school. He and his wife, supported by the promoters of the scheme, agreed, after much hesitation, to try what they could do with a schoolful of infants. They dreaded the day; and they found it truly dreadful. When the mothers were gone, it was arduous work to keep the little things entertained and beguiled at all. At last, one child cried aloud; two or three more caught up the lamentation, which spread, by infection, till every infant of the whole crowd—we forget how many there were—was roaring as loud as it could roar. After vain attempts to pacify them, in utter despair about the children, and horror at the effect upon the whole neighborhood, the worthy couple rushed from the school-room into the next chamber, when the wife sank in tears upon the bed. Her husband was no less wretched: this din of woe was maddening; something must be done—but what? In the freakishness of despair, he seized a pole, and put on the top of it a cap of his wife's which was drying from the wash-tub. He rushed back into the school-room, waving his new apparatus of instruction—giving, as he found, his first lesson on objects. The effect which ensued was his lesson. In a minute not a child was crying.

All eyes were fixed upon the cap; all tears stood still and dried up on all cheeks. The wife now joined him; and they kept the children amused, and the neighbors from storming the doors, till the clock struck twelve. A momentary joy entered the hearts of the Wilderspins at the sound; but it died away as they sank down exhausted, and asked each other, with faces of dismay, whether they were to go through this again in the afternoon, and every day.

For something as bad as this, though of a different kind, did the little band of Birmingham ladies prepare themselves. Almost without means, they began one evening in September, 1847. A room was kindly lent them by a merchant. The counter was their table, and for seats they had packing-cases covered with meal-sacks. Much time must be lost at the beginning and end of each evening, from the necessity of putting away every thing, and leaving the room as they found it, for the daily use of the workmen. But to have any room at all was something. Thirty-six women appeared the first night, all unused to be taught, and the teachers were no more familiar with the sort of teaching they had undertaken to give. The first thing done was writing down their names, and their reasons for wishing to learn this and that. The eagerness to learn to write was the most remarkable indication that night; as, perhaps, it has remained since. One young woman undertook to give reasons for another's wish to learn. "Hur wants to write to hur chap." The "chap" was gone "to Australia;" how and why there was no occasion to inquire. There were plenty of reasons for others having the same wish; and there is something strange and very impressive, to this day, in the patience with which these women sit at their pot-hook making—sometimes in the knowledge of what they are undertaking, and sometimes in simple faith that they are going through a necessary process. One woman made *O's* in her copy-book for weeks; and then being set to join on an *I*, was delighted to find that she had made a *d*, and could write the first letter of her own name. Some are less humble; and there is more conceit about the reading than about writing. One woman complained that she was treated like a child, in having to learn *o*, *z*, *æ*, and in being asked what it meant; "as if," said she, "every body didn't know that a hox is a cow!" Owing to a curious local circumstance, writing is remarkably difficult to one class of the scholars—those who polish papier-mache articles by hand. The palm must be kept perfectly smooth; and, in the act of constantly preserving it from contact with whatever would roughen it, the fingers become stiff, and of an unusual form, which, though favorable to the use of the needle, is much otherwise to that of the pen. Yet the learners stick to their writing, as if nothing could discourage them.

Of the thirty-six who first presented themselves, many were married and had families; yet there were only three—and they were dress-makers—who could cut out or fix any one article of their own clothing. About three-fifths did not know how to hem or seam, when the prepared work was put into their hands. It must be understood, too, that many declare and believe themselves able to sew who can not do it passably. One woman was surprised at being asked to hem a sleeve; a thing which she made very light of.

The sleeve was presented in five minutes—finished. At a single pull, the thread came out from end to end, and she was shown how to do it properly; when she was more surprised than ever to find that her work was unfinished when school was over. It is still difficult to induce them to learn what is most important in the sewing way. They will not bring clothes to mend; and they prefer making gowns to all humbler work. A variety of work is provided through the help of a benevolent draper, who gives his contribution to the school in the form of whole pieces, at the lowest cost price, of calico, flannel, prints, etc. The garments cut out and made, for instruction, at the school, are bought by the women at the cost of the material; and this may tend to strengthen the disinclination to bring mending work from home. There can be no question of the good done by the sewing lessons; of the pride and comfort introduced at home by somebody there being dressed in clothes of the wife's or sister's "own making;" and it may be hoped that the same happy consequences may follow from the instruction in cookery, whenever the kitchen is opened; though the women are as certain that they can cook as they ever were that they could sew.

Poor things! Penalties do visit them, from their ignorance of household business, which might open their eyes to their own position, one would think. What a story we heard, the other day, of a first matrimonial quarrel! A young couple married on a Tuesday, all love and gayety. On the next Sunday, the bridegroom was to be introduced to his wife's family. The bride was so anxious that he should look his best, that she spent all Friday and Saturday—to the neglect of her own finery—in making ready his one white shirt—his weekly wear being check. She learned that starched cambric fronts were "all the go," so she starched and starched away, and finished late on Saturday night—tired and happy. On Sunday morning, her husband found his shirt starched all over, stiff enough to stand alone; and, of course, unwearable. He scolded her for a good-for-nothing slattern; terrified her with oaths; and so was broken up, thus early, their matrimonial peace. Neither of them knew how to get the starch out again; and this did not mend the matter. This is but one case in a million. Young men see girls—very respectable, steady workers—with coral necklaces, neat hair, well braided, and with some pretty net or tie upon it, gowns well made, and, on Sundays, a handsome shawl. They marry these girls; find that the shawl is at the pawnbroker's all the week, and redeemed every Saturday night; that the gown is made by the dress-maker; that the head-dress is bought; that all the other clothes are mean and slatternly; that the wife can not make bread; that the broth she attempts to make is bits of hard meat and vegetables floating in warm water, probably smoked; and that her idea of comfort is warm new bread, and an expensive dish of ham from the huckster's; and that she can not keep accounts.

As to the matter of dress. There can be nothing but good in telling the plain fact, that the most earnest and devoted of the ladies have found it their duty to wear no stays, in order to add the force of example to their efforts to save the young women who are

killing themselves with tight lacing. One poor scholar died, almost suddenly, from tight lacing alone. Another was, presently after, so ill, from the same abuse, that she could do nothing. A third could not stoop to her desk, and had to sit at a higher one, which suited the requirements of her self-imposed pillory. In overlooking those who were writing, we were struck by the short-breathing of several of them. We asked what their employments were, supposing them to be of some pernicious nature. It was not so: all were cases of evident tight lacing. The ugly walling-up of the figure is a painful contrast to the supple grace of some of the teachers. The girls see this grace, but will not believe, till convinced by the feel, that there are no stays to account for it.

"And what have you got on?" said one of the ladies, feeling in like manner. "Why, you are perfectly walled-up. How can you bear it?"

"Why," answered the girl, "I have got only six-and-twenty whalebones."

The lady obtained some anatomical plates, and formed a class of the older women, apart from the rest, to whom she displayed the consequences, in full, of this fatal practice. At the moment, they appear to disbelieve the facts; but a little time shows that they have taken the alarm—to what extent, the dress of their daughters, as they grow up, will probably indicate.

The number on the books of this school is about one hundred; the average attendance is about fifty. The eagerness to attend is remarkable; and the dread of losing their place through non-attendance is testified in the strongest ways. Many are detained late at their work on Friday evenings; but they come, if only for a quarter of an hour; or if prevented, perhaps send a supplicating note that their place may not be filled up. Some few, who work in overheated rooms all day, really can not give their minds to study at night. These may be expected to go off to parties and balls at the public houses; and the younger ones, perhaps, to take dancing lessons at such houses, at half a crown a quarter, instead of what they can get at these schools for thirteen pence, and a penny for the copy-book. But there is one woman who, too weary to learn much, comes for the solace of seeing cheerful faces in a warm, bright room. She toils to support a sick husband, whom she is always nursing, when not earning his bread. She is welcome here; and she must hear many things interesting and amusing to her mind. The eagerness to learn is beyond description—not only the preliminaries of reading and writing, but the facts of the world. "What is this?" "What is that?" "Tell us this;" "Tell us that," is forever the cry, on the discovery that they are ignorant of the commonest things that are before their eyes; on the belief, too, that their teachers know every thing. What a change from the days when they were saucy and rude, in their inability to conceive of their being treated with respect and politeness by ladies, whom they had supposed to be, somehow, "against" them! While one class is fixed in attention to the superintendent, their eyes moving only from their Bibles to her face, and from her face to their Bibles; while there is a strange sight to be seen—of which more presently—in the

arithmetic class; while a dozen more are writing at the desks with an earnestness perfectly desperate—who are those two—the pair sitting with their backs to the rest, and holding a book between them? They are sisters; workers at the steel pen manufactory. The younger, herself not young, is teaching the elder to read—the one patient, the other humble, over the syllables they have arrived at—both much too earnest to be ashamed. It is a pretty sight.

Here, then, we find ourselves brought round, through our sympathy with one order of observers, into sympathy with the other two. We see what the demand for female workers is, and how it has sprung up; and, when we learn that, owing to this demand, women's wages have risen of late twenty per cent., we are not disposed to try to counteract the natural tendencies of things by declamation. Again, we share the recoil with which others see young girls trooping through the streets to the factories, and wives locking their doors—every morning turning their backs upon their homes. And now, we have a right to claim the sympathy of both, in regard to this new movement, by which, without the slightest interference with the rights of labor, or with the liberty of a single individual, women are led back to their own homes, and the good old-fashioned seat by their own firesides. After sympathy, or with it, comes help. Those who think well of what has been done, should, and will, go and do the same thing. There should, and will, be more evening schools for women employed in manufactures.

THE PASTOR TO HIS DYING FRIEND.

PERMIT me, my dear friend, to assure you of my warmest sympathy and my fervent prayers on your behalf. But the Man of Sorrows feels for you, intercedes for you, sympathizes with you: his is deep and real sympathy, soothing and sustaining. Fear not to go down into the vale of suffering and death: your Savior was there before you. It is now your honor to be baptized with his baptism, to drink of his cup, to be made like him in sorrow, that ere long you may be made like him in joy. The path along which he is now leading you is not an unfrequented one: all God's saints have trodden it, and he will strengthen and support you. You may feel yourself to be a frail, sinful worm, struggling with the powers of hell without, and the power of sin within; yet, cleaving fast to God, and relying firmly on Christ's atonement, you will be more than conqueror. It will be your glory and your joy to walk where Christ has led the way. Permit me, my dear friend, to urge you to repose all your hope of salvation on the fullness, the freeness, and the all-sufficiency of your atoning Savior. You will be tempted to look back on your past life; you will recall past unfaithfulness, and be ready to despond; but you must look *from yourself* to your atoning and interceding Savior. It is to Jesus, to Jesus, to Jesus himself, you must look: it is with him, with his merits, with his worthiness you have to do. You merit nothing: he merits every thing for you—pardon, holiness, heaven. Let no doubting, despairing thoughts be harbored. Did he undertake the work of our redemption, and humble himself, and become "obedient unto death, even the death of the cross," that he might secure our redemption; and,

think you, is he unwilling freely to bestow the pardon which he so painfully purchased? Was his soul "exceeding sorrowful, even unto death," that my sins, that your sins, might be forgiven; and, now that he has passed into the heavens, crowned with victory, will he withhold from us the fruits of his triumph? Has he not addressed to us the most tender invitations to come to him? And think you that now, in the hour of your most pressing necessity, you will be coldly received or sternly repulsed, when you come at his bidding with all your guilt and unworthiness, seeking its removal only through him? Little do we know the tenderness of his heart, and the freeness of his grace, if tempted to entertain such dark suspicions of our precious Savior. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." "Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Let no recollections of unworthiness intimidate you; for he is willing, as well as "able, to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."

I do not know that such doubts arise in your mind; but I feel a delight in directing you to the cross of Christ. If you keep looking at this, it will be an effectual method of excluding them. If you look too much into your own breast, you will tremble, fear, and doubt; but, if you keep looking into your "Savior's breast," you will find "mercy is all that's written there." I feel persuaded that such are your feelings, and such your trust. You know whom you have believed, and henceforth you need care to know nothing more, except more of Jesus. Your anchor is "sure and steadfast," cast within the veil. Your house is set in order. Your "loins are girded about, and your light" habitually "burning." You are awaiting the return of your great Master; and if he shall come in the second watch, or in the third watch, and find you so, "blessed" shall be "that servant." You have work here to do; and we wish you may live a little longer to do it; but, if the Master says, "Come up higher," we must surrender you; and I am sure you will meekly obey, and say, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." . . . The Savior and almighty Friend is with you: I know that he will speak to you "comfortable words and kind." If fears should arise, I know that

"A word of his supporting breath
Will drive them all away;"

and, when you come to the deep dark waters of Jordan—when most you need your Savior—when all your friends stand around you, but can not cross the stream with you—then, when you must go *alone*, will your Savior and friend be with you to guide you safe to the shore, and grant you an "abundant entrance" into the celestial city. I hope you will feel like Dr. Payson, in his last sickness. "Were I," said he, "to adopt the figurative language of John Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah. The celestial city is full in my view: its glories beam upon me; its breezes fan me; its odors are wafted to me; its sounds strike upon my ears; and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but as

an insignificant rill that may be crossed at a single step whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as he approaches; and now he fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun, exulting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering with unutterable wonder why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm."

And now I must commend you to the care of my heavenly Father, praying that he may spare and restore you; but if he should design otherwise, and if this should be my last letter, my dear friend and brother in Christ, FAREWELL! till we become beloved associates in heaven.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

BY ELIZA COOK.

LET the scholar and divine
Tell us how to pray aright;
Let the truths of Gospel shine
With their precious hallowed light;
But the prayer a mother taught
Is to me a matchless one;
Eloquent and spirit-fraught
Are the words—"Thy will be done."
Though not fairly understood,
Still those words, at evening hour,
Imply some Being great and good,
Of mercy, majesty, and power.
Bending low on infant knee,
And gazing on the setting sun,
I thought that orb his home must be,
To whom I said—"Thy will be done."
I have searched the sacred page,
I have heard the godly speech,
But the lore of saint or sage
Nothing holier can teach.
Pain has wrung my spirit sore,
But my soul the triumph won,
When the anguish that I bore
Only breathed—"Thy will be done."
They have served in pressing need,
Have nerved my heart in every task,
And howsoever my breast may bleed,
No other balm of prayer I ask.
When my whitened lips declare
Life's last sands have almost run,
May the dying breath they bear
Murmur forth—"Thy will be done!"

THE LOVE OF GOD.

BY DR. CHALMERS.

CONCEIVE a man to be standing on the margin of this green world, and that, when he looked toward it, he saw abundance swelling every field, and all the blessings which earth can afford, scattered about in profusion through every family, and the light of the sun sweetly resting upon all the pleasant habitations, and the joys of human companionship brightening many a happy circle of society. Conceive this to be the general character of the scene upon one side of his contemplation, and that on the other, beyond the verge of the goodly planet on which he was situated, he could descry nothing but a dark and fathomless unknown. Think you that he would bid a voluntary

adieu to all the brightness and all the beauty that were before him on earth, and commit himself to the frightful solitude away from it? Would he leave its peopled dwelling-places and become a solitary wanderer through the fields of nonentity? If space offered him but a wilderness, would he for it abandon the home-bred scenes of life and of cheerfulness that lay so near, and exercised such a power of urgency to detain him? Would he not cleave to the regions of sense, and of life, and of society, and, shrinking from the desolation that was beyond it, would he not be glad to keep his firm footing on the territory of this world, and take shelter under the silvery canopy that was stretched over it?

But if, during the time of his contemplation, some happy island of the blessed had floated by, and there had burst upon his senses the light of its surpassing glories and its sounds of sweet melody, and he saw clearly that there was a purer beauty rested upon every field, and a more heart-felt glow spread itself among all the families, and he could discern there peace, and piety, and benevolence, which put a moral gladness over every bosom, and united the whole society with one rejoicing sympathy with each other and with the beneficent Father of them all, could he further see that pain and mortality were unknown, and, above all, that signals of welcome were hung out, and an avenue of communication was made for him—perceive you not that what was before the wilderness would become the land of invitation, and that now the world would be the wilderness? What unpeopled space could not do, can be done by space teeming with beautiful scenes and beautiful society. And, let the existing tendencies of the heart be what they may, to the scene that is near and visibly around us, still, if another stood revealed to the prospect of man, either through the channel of faith or through the channel of his senses, then, without violence done to the constitution of his moral nature, may he die to the present world, and that stands in the distance away from it.

TOO LATE.

LET children be left unrestrained, undisciplined, and surrounded by all manner of inducements to bad living; they grow up thus, fall into evil ways, commit criminal acts, and, in course of time, are put into gaol. Then it is that our concern for them begins; and we now put them under training and discipline. But it is all *too late*. The habits have been fixed; the character has been formed; the criminal has been made. It is too late to reform him. We can not make him live his life backward.

How many good resolutions have been formed *too late*! "O, that I had begun earlier!" is the miserable outcry. Every day that has passed by has rendered the chances of amendment more hopeless. But life can not be un-lived, nor can habits once formed be uprooted. The victim is immured in the tomb which he himself has dug.

"Too late! the curse of life! Could we but read
In many a heart the thoughts that only bleed,
How oft were found
Engraven deep, those words of saddest sound—
Curse of our mortal state—
Too late! Too late!"

WANDERINGS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

BY REV. ERNAY M. FIELD.

It was at the close of a beautiful day of spring that I first came in sight of the Mediterranean. I had been riding all day through the ancient province of Languedoc. I had visited the city of Nîmes, where vast and well-preserved ruins mark the period when the mighty hand of Rome ruled in ancient Gaul. This region had too a religious interest to me, as the country of the Albigenses, whose faith it still keeps. Nîmes is to this day the center of Protestantism in the south of France. And now, as the sun was sinking in the west, I was descending the hills at the base of which lies Marseilles. The Mediterranean was at my feet, and around me were France, Spain, Italy, and Africa.

Marseilles is a thriving commercial city, and has an air of activity about it which reminded me of America. Many of the streets are broad and lined with trees, which reminded me of the New Haven elms. Yet how far back into the night of time does its origin carry us! Three hundred years before Christ this city was founded—two thousand years before the world knew that a western continent existed!

Marseilles is seated, like Genoa, in a lap of hills, fronting the sea. It is girdled by a chain of mountains, which slope gradually down to the water. On one side it is flanked by a high promontory, on which are erected signals for telegraphing ships. Here, too, is a little chapel dedicated to Notre Dame de la Garde, which is decked with votive offerings of mariners saved from shipwrecks. I honor the religious feeling which, in being rescued from danger, recognizes the interposition of a superior power, though I could wish that these offerings had been made to God instead of the Virgin Mary.

Here on this promontory we may sit and yield ourselves to the reverie which the scene inspires. We soon forget the beauty of the mountains and the waters in the associations which throng upon us. Over all this beauty streams "the light of other ages." Beneath us are the same waters which bore the legions of Caesar. Not far to the north the elephants of Hannibal crossed the Rhone. The fleets of Rome, and Carthage, and Venice, all have glided here, and left "no furrow from the keel." The very air along these shores seems to resound with "the multitudinous tongues of nations," and the waters of the Mediterranean rippling far below us, seem like the distant ages of history rolling their murmur on the ear.

The ordinary route from the south of France to Italy is by steamer from Marseilles to Genoa. But I preferred to travel more slowly. So I took the diligence along the sea-shore, intending to stop at every place of interest.

My first ride brought me to Toulon. Here passed a day. The town itself is small and uninviting. The streets are narrow, and the city is surrounded by rocky, barren hills. But no traveler can ride through Toulon and see the flags flying in its harbor, and recall the scenes which these hills have witnessed without feeling that it has an interest of its own. This city is memorable as the place so long besieged in the French Revolution, and as being still the first

naval port of France. The first display of the military genius of Napoleon was as a lieutenant of artillery at the siege of Toulon. Out of this port he sailed a few years later with the expedition to Egypt, the same fleet which was destroyed by Nelson in the battle of the Nile.

I walked to the top of a hill which overlooks the city and harbor. On this hill stands a fortress in which at the time of my visit Abdel-Kader was confined. My curiosity to see "lions" is pretty well satiated, as I seldom find they roar quite as loud as I had expected; and often looking at the face of a great man destroys the pleasant illusion with which my imagination had invested him. But I should really have liked to see this lion of the desert. The man, who at the head of a few tribes, with a few squadrons of flying cavalry, has fought upon his sands against the whole power of France, and withstood that power for seventeen years—and that, too, on a neighboring coast, where the French could, and did bring against him a hundred thousand men, must possess extraordinary powers of endurance and of command over others. Now he resigns himself to his fate with the silent submission of a Mussulman. He and his fellow-captives are reserved and shy. As I walked around the fortifications I saw an Arab sunning himself on the top of an inner fortress. As soon as he perceived that I noticed him, he arose and walked away.

In the afternoon I visited the Arsenal and shipping; never before had I any adequate idea of the naval power of France. There are generally lying in this harbor thirty or forty ships of war. I walked under a long row of line-of-battle ships, and went on board of one four-decker, that carried a hundred and twenty guns. The yards were filled with cannon, among which I observed two mortars taken by the Prince de Joinville at the bombardment of San Juan d'Ulloa.

A painful sight to me here was the convicts, who are sentenced to work in the galleys. They are chained two and two; or if separate, are *anchored* by a heavy chain fastened to one leg so that they can not escape. Still they are allowed more liberty than the convicts in our prisons. They brought us little trinkets to sell. One of them amused us with a rat which he had tamed like a squirrel, and taught to come at his whistle, to run over him, and hide in his pocket. Our conductor told me there were five or six thousand convicts in this single navy-yard.

The next morning I left Toulon for Nice. The south of France in the season of spring is everywhere blossoming with the olive and the vine. We had to ride all night, but the mildness of the spring air, and the clearness of the sky, beguiled us of the sense of weariness. At midnight I was lolling in the diligence when I observed something on the horizon which looked like a white cloud. But it remained fixed. I looked again. It was the advanced guard of the Mediterranean Alps. We were climbing slowly up the breast of a mountain, and I got out and walked to the top. The night was beautiful. Not a cloud was to be seen. The moon was at her full, and shed a soft radiance over the earth and heaven. The mountain road up which we were toiling hung over a deep valley, and I paused often to

gaze bewildered on the scene, and to listen to the night wind, which was stirring the pine-trees, and to the waters which were rushing down the sides of the mountain.

Morning brought the Alps and the sea. At Cannes we passed a residence of Lord Brougham.

This great man had for many years an invalid daughter. This residence I presume was built for her, as the sea-air and the mild climate of the south of France are considered favorable to health. A little beyond Lord Brougham's estate we came on to the beach of the little bay, or cove, on which Napoleon, on his return from Elba, landed with a thousand followers, to contend for the crown of France—an attempt which would have been ridiculous, if its results had not made it sublime. It was like Columbus landing in an open boat to take possession of the New World.

I passed a Sunday at Nice, and was glad once more to see respect paid to this day. The shops were all closed. By this I knew that I was out of France. The people, too, were different. The Piedmontese have not the light forms and graceful motions of the French. They are rounder and heavier. Nor have they the same sprightliness and animation. But there is about them a simplicity and sincere kindness, a German heartiness of manner, which pleases me more than the outward polish of the French.

Nice was once a flourishing commercial city. It is at present famous as a watering-place, and is occupied by a colony of English invalids. It lies between the mountains and the sea, presenting a concave of hills to the southern sun. These are covered with orange and lemon orchards, with many a villa peeping out from the dense foliage. Thus by sun and shade the air of this soft climate is wooed to bring back health to the faded, sunken cheek.

At Nice commences the pass of the Maritime Alps. This Riviera Road is one of the most famous highways in Europe. It was begun by Napoleon on the same scale as the Simplon, and with the same object, to furnish a passage into Italy for the French armies. This coast road has an advantage over all other routes, in that it is the only pass of the Alps which is never blocked up by snow.

It is also more varied in scenery than the other Alpine passes, because, "like Marathon, it looks at once on the mountains and on the sea." From Nice all the way to Genoa the road hardly loses sight of the Mediterranean. Immediately on leaving Nice, it climbs over a spur of the Alps, and is elevated half a mile above the waves. Then it descends quite to the shore to find a footing. It clings to the side of the rock, where the headlands crowd into the water, and has in many places to be bolstered up by a wall built in the sea. Thus it presents a hundred picturesque points as it courses around the promontories, and curves into the numerous bays. At one moment the road pierces through a niche cut high up in the side of the cliff. These long galleries at a distance seem to float away like a white ribbon stretched through the air. Again the road descends and skims along the beach. Thus, as the diligence races on, it seems alternately going up into the clouds and down into the deep.

The hills along this road are girdled with terraces to support orchards and vines. Not an inch of ground is lost. When I passed, it was the time for gathering the fruits. The trees by the roadside hung down heavy with ripe oranges, and laborers were gathering in the olives, which constitute the wealth of the country.

But what "towers" are these "along the steep?" Strange old ruins dot this whole coast, full of warlike legends as the castles on the Rhine. They were once proud fortresses, erected as defenses against the Barbary powers. A strange lesson that, which tells of a time when mighty Europe had to watch and guard against the tide of conquest which rolled from the African coast.

In the little village of Turbia is a ruin of an earlier date, a tower erected by the Romans to commemorate the victory of Augustus over the tribes of the Ligurian Alps. It was in this village, as tradition goes, that Caesar said he had rather be the first man in that village than the second in Rome.

Alas, what has become of all the hopes and ambitions of Caesar and of Rome? Let these ruins tell. I turn from such melancholy monuments to the rude wooden crosses that are erected along these mountain passes, and on the cliffs that overhang the sea, as the symbols of an Immortal Power. These are the standards of the only government on earth which has resisted the shocks of time—the only institution over which revolutions have no power.

FACES BY THE FIRE.

I PASS a window in the dusk of the evening. A broad stream of light flows across the darkening street, and shines against the opposite wall. The blaze flashes in my eyes, and, but for an instant, unconsciously I turn aside to meet it. I catch but a glimpse of the interior of a home, but it is enough. Through a screen of green leaves, I see a group of merry faces by the fire, the cheerful blaze making "a sunshine in the shady place." The light flashes upon the features of a beautiful girl, with a laughing child upon her knee; a little ruddy fellow is crouched at her feet, and a cheerful-looking old dame, in spectacles, busy at her knitting, from which for a moment she looks up to watch the gambols of the youngsters, occupies the further side of the hearth. There is another figure, that of a man, with his back toward me, on the opposite side; doubtless the fire brightens his face, too, but the faces of the women and the children are enough. What is a cheerful fireside without them? they are the precious jewels which glitter and shine around the happy hearths, and make light and beauty there even in the saddest hours. Like white flowers in the dusk, they cheer and hallow it—they speak of the thousand hopes and joys which cluster about a home—they are the emblems of virtue, cheerfulness, beauty, and divine comfort.

Burke has said that "to love the little platoon we belong to in society, is the germ of all public affections." Yes, unless the faces shine by the fire, they will shine no where else. If we feel not warmed by the fire which glows about the hearthstone—we mean the affection and love which are its true moral glow—how can we feel affection and sympathy for those

who compass us about in ever-widening circles in the outer world! All genial warmth emanates from the home; it is there the affections are first moved, and there the heart is first attuned to human sympathy. You see that child laughing in the full glow of the firelight—it is drinking in impressions which will last its life out. The little child is formed by love, its character is molded by love, its future is determined by love.

Have you seen the child's face by the fire, half concealed in his mother's lap, while, knelt there, he whispered out the faint accents of prayer which she had first taught him, and which he never after forgets? She it was who first told him of God and heaven, and by her daily example inspired him with love of holiness. And even though the child, when grown up into manhood, has gone astray, and the chain of love which bound him to the home has been snapped, the links still drag at his heels, and he is never happy till they are bound together again.

The bright fire is the *eye of the home*; it bespeaks cheerfulness, peace, cleanliness, comfort. About it the small sweet courtesies of life—in which there is no parade nor affectation, which manifest themselves in kind words and affectionate looks—cluster naturally and gracefully. The seeds of love are fostered by its genial warmth, and the faces by the fire look bright through affection and lively intercourse. The cheerful fire indicates domesticity, love of home, and humanity. Even though the circle be a small one, there are larger circles beyond; and still it is the center of a congeries of rays which extend beyond the home, and warm the world without, even to far outer circles. The root is hid in the home, but the branches extend into the glad daylight of society and public life.

Faces by the fire! how many pictures spring to view at the words! how the poets of England have reveled around the fireside and the home—the great national temple of our race! Longfellow has written his delicious poems of "The Fireside." You remember his "Fire of Drift-wood:"

"We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.
Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
BUILT OF THE WRECK OF STRANDED SHIPS,
The flames would leap, and then expire.
O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!
They were, indeed, too much akin!
The drift-wood fire without that burned—
The thoughts that burned and glowed within!"

Then there are his lines on the "Twilight" by the fireside, certainly the most luxurious point of time which a fireside can present—the time when old recollections are brought forth, and old stories told, and old poetry talked of, and old songs chanted—music at such a time opening the windows of the soul, and letting heaven peep in. At such a time the feeling of *enoughness* is delicious; perhaps the wind blows without, but all is warmth and comfort within.

Even the Italian poets, whose skies are in a glow, have been inspired by the home fire, and felt that human faces looked the brighter by its light. Alfieri

makes a commodious fireplace the climax of his wishes with regard to lodging; and old Horace tempts his friends to visit him by the promise of a neat room and a sparkling fire:

"Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens."

Or, as Dryden translates it:

"With well-heaped logs dissolve the cold,
And feed the genial hearth with fires."

Then there is this exquisite little cabinet picture, painted by Milton, a master of description, and a true lover of home and home joys:

"Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still, removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth."

Of course, as there are children about a family fireside, there will be lively prattle, mirth, and laughter, which comes of freedom. In the glad firelight the young heart rejoices; for the time, merriment suffices. Pleasantry in the home is like the flowers which often float around the margin of deep streams, beautifying the solemn waters of life. The heart will be free and will dance no where if not in the home. Young nature is ever happy:

"The young, they laugh: laughs not the sky?
The winds, they laugh as they pass by;
The sun, he laughs, and Nature's face
Beams with a joyous, laughing grace.
Yes, laughing, ever she renews
The verdant fields her morning dews."

"Yes," exclaims Theophilus Trinal, "we will sing, and we will laugh, and rejoice in the lily-work; but we will also be 'wise of heart' concerning the 'pillars' of the world—the great truths of conscience, the peril and the worth of free beings, the saving and perfecting love—by which truths alone can our well-being and the well-being of our race be secured."

Speaking of the prattle of children about the fireside, reminds us of a touching passage in the life of Dr. Kitto, whom an accident in early life deprived of the faculty of hearing, wherein he says, in language of deep pathos, "*I never heard the voices of any of my children.*" The reader, of course, knows this; but the fact, as stated in plain words, is almost shocking. Is there any thing on earth so engaging to a parent as to catch the first lisping of his infant's tongue? or so interesting as to listen to its dear prattle, and trace its gradual mastery of speech? If there be any one thing, arising out of my condition, which more than another fills my heart with grief, it is *this*; it is to see their blessed lips in motion, and to *hear* them not; and to witness others moved to smiles and kisses by the sweet peculiarities of infantile speech which are incommunicable to me, and which pass by me like the idle wind."

Thus, how many of our richest blessings are unthought of till they have been taken away! Even the light of the sun is scarcely valued, because it comes to us daily, and we regard it as a thing of course. And the sunshine of the heart is unnoticed and scarce felt till, alas! it has gone down in darkness, and then we awake to a sense of the blessing we have lost.

New Books.

WE find on our table this month the following interesting books, all from the press of Robert Carter & Brothers, of New York:

1. **THE LOST SENSES. DEAFNESS AND BLINDNESS.** By Dr. Kitto.—The work is well written, and abounds with interesting anecdotes, and incidents of personal history in the life of the deaf and the blind.

2. **AMERICA AS I FOUND IT.** By Mrs. Duncan.—Mrs. Duncan is a Scotch lady, and has written a work much more complimentary to America than usually emanates from the mind of any foreigner.

3. **INDIAN TRIBES OF GUIANA.** By Rev. W. H. Brett.—Mr. Brett is a British missionary in Guiana, and he has furnished us a very valuable work respecting a country and a people of which little has been heretofore known.

4. **FAR OFF.** By the Author of *Peep of Day*.—This book contains interesting notices, with anecdotes and illustrations of Asia and Australia.

5. **THE RAINBOW IN THE NORTH; a short account of the First Establishment of Christianity in Rupert's Land by the Church Missionary Society.** By S. Tucker.

6. **THE FOLDED LAMB; or, Memorials of an Infant Son.** By his Mother.—This is a beautiful tribute of affection to the memory of an angelic child, who, like every thing of surpassing loveliness, passed early away.

7. **WHEAT OR CHAFF.** By the Rev. J. C. Ryle, Author of *Living or Dead*.—The following is the list of essays in this work: Wheat or Chaff. Watch. Prove all Things. Are you Regenerate? How should a child be trained? Be not slothful, but followers.

8. **THE MYSTERY SOLVED, or Ireland's Miseries: the Grand Cause and Cure.** By the Rev. Edward Marcus Dill.—Mr. Dill is a Presbyterian missionary agent, and he treats the Roman Catholic religion of Ireland in terms no way complimentary.

9. **CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE.** By Caroline Fry. With an *Autobiography of the Author*.—This is a very pious and devout work.

10. **SONGS IN THE HOUSE OF MY PILGRIMAGE. Selected and Arranged by a Lady.**—This is judicious selection of religious poetry, one extract for every day in the year. The volume is inscribed to the bereaved, the sorrowing, the weary, and the heavy laden.

These volumes are got up in beautiful style. Indeed, we have seldom seen any thing in the book line more neat and tasteful. They are of convenient size, good shape, good paper, clear type, and handsome binding.

A NEW HARMONY OF THE GOSPELS. Illustrated by Maps and Engravings. By James Strong, A. M. New York: Lane & Scott. 1852.—This work is an octavo volume of near six hundred pages, and as a specimen of typography we have not seen its superior. It consists of a parallel and combined arrangement on a new plan of the narratives of the four Evangelists, according to the authorized translation, and a continuous commentary with brief notes subjoined. A supplement is also furnished, containing extended chronological and topographical dissertations and a complete analytical index. Altogether the volume is a most valuable accession to our Biblical literature. Mr. Strong's character for scholarship is well known, and the religious public will be placed under great obligations to him for the skill and care with which he has marked his present labors. We doubt not the work will command a prompt sale and an extensive circulation. Its beautiful print, in connection with its fine engravings, is not its least attractive feature. On sale by Swornstedt & Poe. Price \$3, with usual discount to wholesale purchasers.

We would say that there is generally on our table a lamentable dearth of books for notice. We like to read, and to notice books; but we can not describe what is not before us. If publishers give us the opportunity, we shall deal by them fairly. But they must not expect us to make "bricks without straw."

Periodicals.

AMONG the most valued of the periodicals on our table is the **NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW**, for July, 1852. This is the oldest of the American quarterlies, and we believe older than any of our monthlies. We remember it among the earliest of our literary recollections. It has always maintained a high character for dignity and talent. The present number contains articles on Mackay's Progress of the Intellect, College Education in England and America, The Works of Daniel Webster, Lord Mahon's History of England, Pauli's King Alfred, Taylor's Wesley and Methodism, and Stephen's Lectures on the History of France. The writer of the review of Taylor's Wesley and Methodism speaks thus of Charles Wesley as a poet: "With a rhythmical ear, a clarified taste, and a tender sympathy with every phasis and transition of spiritual experience, an emotional nature always profoundly moved, an intimate conversance with the Scriptures, and a lyrico-dramatic power of elaborating all their materials, whether of history, doctrine, precept, or prophecy, he became the life and soul of the new movement; and it is due to him to say, that, however inane the preaching may be, it is impossible that a Methodist congregation should part unimpressed and unedified. In their metrical form, in their musical cadence and mellifluous flow, his hymns occupy the first place, and an almost solitary eminence in the English language. They can hardly be read unmusically, and almost sing themselves. Then, too, it has been well said of them, that they are not written on abstract subjects—such as faith, humility, resignation—but always represent the religious life in one of its concrete states or movements, so that each might be assumed as a leaf of autobiography." While the writer appreciates Wesley, he fails to understand and appreciate American Methodism. But this is nothing unusual with New England men, educated in the doctrines and usages of Puritanism. They can not possibly comprehend the spirit, genius, and economy of Methodism.

THE **SOUTHERN REPERTORY AND COLLEGE REVIEW** presents the following table of contents: The Maine Temperance Law. The Two Rills. English Orthoepey. American Colleges. The Agreeable Useful. Song of the Converted Heathen. Power of Poetry. The True Palladium of American Liberty. The Universe of Mind and of Matter. God Created Man good and happy, and all things to render him happy. Album Poetry. A Voice of Vernal Beauty. Spring. Taste and Neatness in the Door-Yard. Shreds of Science and Art. Editorial Miscellany. Literary Notices. This is a quarterly conducted by the Faculty of Emory and Henry College, among whom we recognize the names of some who have been our associates and pupils many years ago, at the old Seminary, on the beautiful hill, at whose base flow the waters of the Kennebec. To them, fellow-laborers in the cause of education and of periodical literature, we tender the hand of mutual fellowship and brotherly affection.

THE **OHIO STATE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION**, published under the auspices of the Ohio State Teachers' Association, abounds in essays of great interest to teachers and friends of common schools.

THE 440th number of **BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURG MAGAZINE**, reprinted by Leonard Scott, contains articles, able and interesting, on Policy of the Protectionists, Five Years in the West Indies, Fortune-Hunting Extraordinary, Ferguson and the Plotter, Carmina Lusoria, Thoughts upon Dinners, Fragments of Poetry, and the Great Question. The great question with Blackwood, of course, regards the state of the British nation, whose conservative interests he regards as in imminent danger. Well, it may be so. But what if, among the revolutions of time, the British Constitution should undergo radical changes? Though change be not always improvement, yet any change likely to occur at this day, in England, would most likely be for the better. The people could hardly lose any thing by the change. They are, in England, too intelligent and too brave to suffer their government to fall into the hands of ambitious tyranny. England is not France, and no Napoleon could succeed in the British Isles as he has on the Continent.

Editor's Cable.

A MONTH has past, gentle reader, since last we met—a summer month of bright sunshine and of gorgeous beauty. How have you passed the time? Has your heart been joyous as the sunshine, or has a shadow fallen on it? Has your brow been wreathed with light, or darkened by clouds? Has your home been merry with the cheerful voice of childhood, or has there gone up from your family circle the voice of wailing and of wee at the departing from among you of the beautiful and the lovely? Has Health shed her joyous smiles on your household, or have you stood by the bedside of suffering and of disease during the long summer day, and during mild, still nights, watching the flitting changes which were passing and repassing over the brow of your loved one?

The month has passed, and with it has passed forever many a scene of joy and of sadness, which can never recur again, but which has left its effects marked indelible on the heart and on the destiny of man. To the past there is no return. On the shores of the present we part with the past. It and we sail each on our way, in directions diametrically opposite, into a shoreless, fathomless sea, nor even meet we again. There is no return of the past stages of human life—of childhood with its halcyon joys, of youth with its hope and its love, of manhood with its sober energy. There is no return of the associations, of the feelings, or of the sentiments of the past. We may return, after long years of absence, to the home of our childhood; we may ramble again, as of yore, over the hills, and along the vale, and by the brook; we may listen again to the robin that used to sing to us in the spring-time of the year and of life; we may chase again the butterfly over the plain; we may call again flowers by the wayside, but all will not restore to us the feelings and the sentiments of the past. Gone, forever gone from us is the past. With us is the present, with its duties, its hopes, and anxieties. Before us is the dim and misty future, with its undeveloped influences. To meet it let us go forth, firm in resolve, and confident in Providence.

Fast approaching are the mild and pleasant days of autumn. In the neighborhood of some of the readers of the Repository the landscape already exhibits the somber effects of the falling year. About our own native home the flowers are already touched with frost, and the leaves of the forest-trees are exhibiting in their decay, like the dying dolphin, colors of beauty unknown amid the luxuriance of summer's life. But around our western home there appear yet no marks of change. The grass is green as in May, the leaves on the trees yet dance bright in the sunshine, the flowers yet bloom in beauty, and myriads of tuneless insects make the pleasant night joyous with their songs. But on us, too, and on our pleasant home, are coming soon the changes of the year. We may not long escape the biting frost and the chilling winds. The leaves will fall, the flowers fade, and the beauty of earth depart. Winter, with her boisterous step and stern mien, will come, and spread her white winding-sheet over all the beauty and the bloom of earth.

Nor can we ourselves escape the universal law of change. Time will write wrinkles on the brow and tinge the fair hair with gray. The heart, so susceptible to the least touch of emotion in childhood, will become in maturity sedate and quiet amid the commotion around us. There may have occurred in our history events which have so deeply moved the heart, that when it has once again settled in the quiet of resignation, or it may be of despair, no slight occurrence can succeed in affecting it. We learn from disappointment, from sorrow, from bereavement, to bear with patience, with resignation, with philosophy, with the composure of Christian reliance, all the minor ills of life. It may be that it is well for us to suffer early that we may become strong to endure. By suffering more than by joy is the heart prepared for the stern and commanding duties of life.

To the kind affections of our gentle readers we commend the present number of the Repository. You will meet in its pages the well-known name and the familiar face of old contributors, who have been identified with the work from near the beginning of its existence. The presence of these tried old friends will be welcome among your household gods. We would hope, whatever changes the Repository may undergo, it may never

lose the presence and support of its early friends and its ever-welcome contributors. Those who have in other years had charge of its editorial interests have ceased not, when their official connection with it has closed, to enliven its pages by their contributions. Thus may they ever do. May they never, in the more extended circle in which they may move, or the higher sphere in which they may labor, forget to gladden, often as circumstances may allow, the face of the child of their care in other days by their words of encouragement and of counsel! And the contributors, too, who have held through the pages of the Repository their monthly conference with the readers for so many years, would we solicit still to aid in sustaining and rendering useful the enterprise. Some of the most valued of our contributors we miss, alas! from our list. They are gone—gone from among us—forever gone from earth. Their memory would we cherish. Their virtues would we recall. It is our intention, if not as editor, as regular contributor, as we have been for many years, to give brief sketches of the history and the virtues of those whose names, having become familiar to our readers, have been struck from our list, and added to the register in heaven.

The reader will observe among our contributors some new names. We hope yet to obtain the services of others who will render themselves, by their talents and virtues, endeared to our patrons. No changes in the form, style, or manner of conducting the Repository will be made this year. What improvements may be made in the next volume we are not now prepared to promise. There has been as yet no opportunity for consultation. We are assured, however, that whatever improvements may be deemed attainable will be adopted. The Agents are disposed to be liberal of outlay in order to meet all the reasonable expectations of their patrons. The Book Committee will use all their discretion, counsel, wisdom, and experience in deciding all matters which, by the Discipline of the Church, may come before them, to give efficiency and usefulness to the enterprise. The contributors will do their best to add interest to our columns. At an early day the first number of the next volume will be issued, when we may be able more fully than now to give the reader assurances for the future. At present it may be sufficient to say, that all parties interested in the Repository are resolved to spare no pains to make it fully meet the wants, wishes, and hopes of its patrons.

Some improvement is deemed necessary in our plates. We greatly prefer landscape scenes to mere fancy faces, or old ruins, or solitary structures. We can not, however, always easily procure precisely the kind of picture we prefer. Arrangements are making for a good selection of interesting views, which can but please the eye of taste. It is generally thought that the music may be omitted from our pages, and its place supplied, and its cost, which is considerable, appropriated to something of more general interest to our readers. We are ardent admirers, even passionate lovers of music. It has power to elevate the soul to thoughts of purity and of heaven. We advise in all families, where from circumstances it may be possible, the cultivation of vocal and instrumental music. We do not, however, deem it necessary to furnish our readers every month new music, as there is already easily attainable from other sources an exhaustless supply. We propose, however, faithfully to appropriate the expense saved to some desirable improvement.

We would solicit our patrons to renew their subscriptions for the next year, and to use their influence in inducing their friends and neighbors to subscribe. They may rely on the earnest efforts of those to whose care the Repository may be committed to make it ever, as we believe it ever has been, a welcome visitor in your families, bringing on its arrival stores of literary matter, in good taste, agreeable style, and of healthful influence.

And now, kind reader, for the present, good-by. Who knows but ere another number of our magazine is issued some of you who read these paragraphs may be silent? Death is ever waiting at your door. Each autumn leaf that trembles at your feet, seared and blighted, is a monitor which whispers, "Death!" All things around you have the same warning. We would, therefore, recommend a preparation.

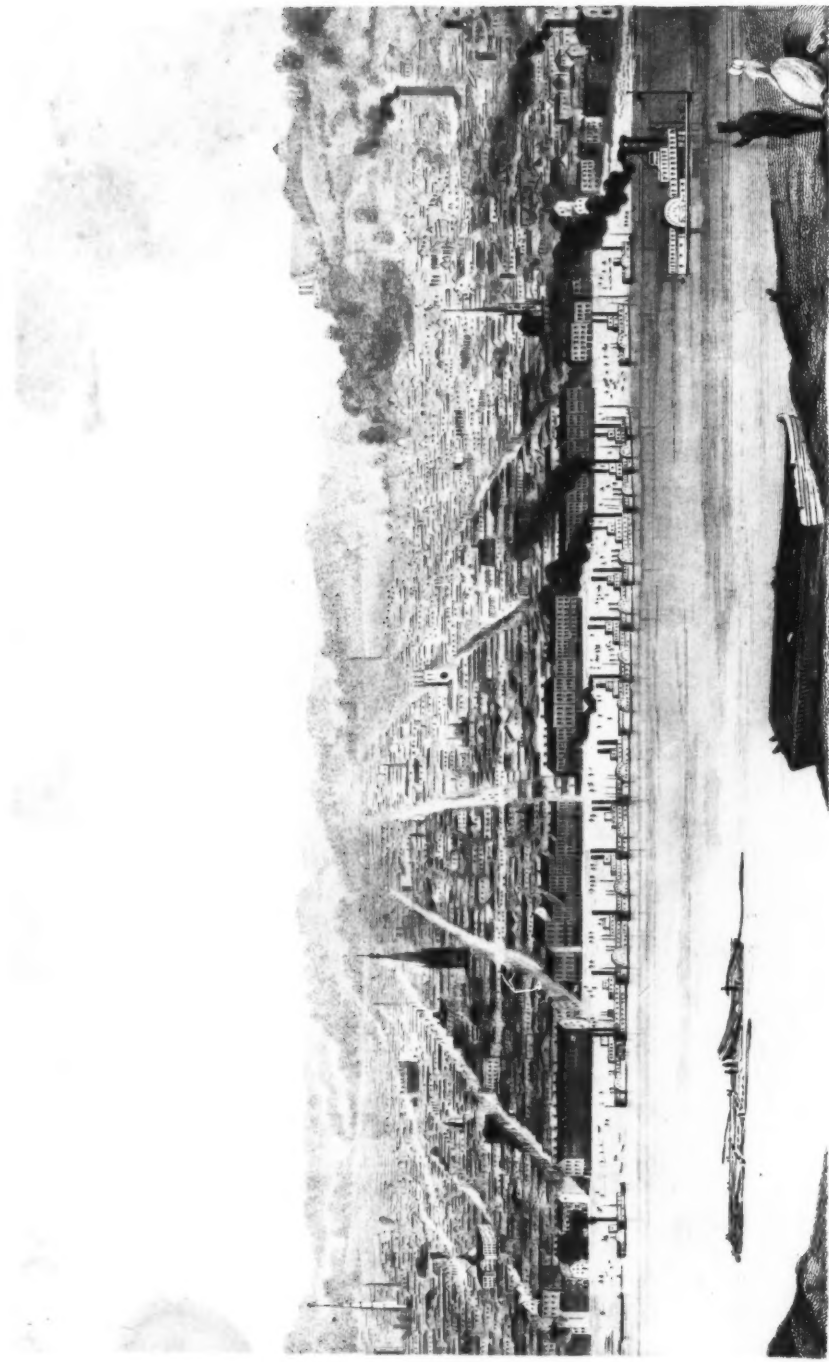
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